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# CORONET

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Social Security  
and You

Good Heart  
for Life

Harness Your  
Use of Humor

The Coronet  
Gallery of  
100 Photographs

Other Features

MARCH, 1940  
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS  
IN GREAT BRITAIN 1/6



A. N. C.

## CORONET

for

MARCH

1940

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# SOCIAL SECURITY AND YOU

THE GREAT PAYOFF IS UNDER WAY: HOW TO  
GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH FROM UNCLE SAM



**I**F J. P. MORGAN quits his job tomorrow, the U. S. Treasury will send him a check for \$41.20 every month as long as he lives. All he has to do is ask for it. The chances are Mr. Morgan doesn't know he's entitled to government money and cares less. But to roughly 75,000,000 of us that check is worth looking into. You see, \$41.20 is what Mr. Morgan can legally draw if he retires under the Social Security Act. It may be a surprise but about six out of ten of us are—under certain circumstances—entitled to checks, too.

The reason why it may be a surprise is that there's not much sex appeal about the U. S. Social Security Administration. It doesn't boast a sound-truck or even a crew of cowboy crooners. But Social Security does happen to have something which Dr. Townsend's ballyhoo and the \$30-Every-Thursdays outfits can't match. That is cold cash and this year—

1940—that cold cash is being laid on the line, not only to old folks but to young widows, children, fathers and mothers, heirs, dependents and orphans. In fact, the Social Security folks can't even estimate how many persons might possibly get benefits under the required conditions. The 75,000,000 figure is only a guess. It may run 10,000,000 higher or lower.

Up to now your only contact with Social Security has been a white-and-blue card with your account number stamped on it and an odd-figured paycheck which reminds you that Uncle Sam is taking his tax check-off each week. That's why the Charles and Mary Beards of the future are going to mark down 1940 as memorable. This is the year of the Great Payoff. This year, for the first time since the Founding Fathers did their stuff, the Federal Treasury started to pay pensions to ordinary citizens—plain people

who had fought in no wars, performed no heroic acts or otherwise earned the financial gratitude of their country—to folks like us who have done nothing more extraordinary than pay our taxes. This year the government is paying pensions to babes in arms. It's paying pensions to high school jitterbugs. It's sending checks to young matrons in country club suburbs and plenty of others whom you wouldn't expect to be covered by an "Old Age Pension Plan." Want to know what sort of folks are getting benefits?

Here are some examples:

Jim Reed was a young fellow just turned 30 and one of the best young men in the Sternum & Brackett advertising agency. He was earning about \$7,000. Next year he was slated for the real money but, what with the youngster and all, he and Marge hadn't had a chance to accumulate many resources. Marge fainted when old man Sternum told her Jim had died in the plane crash. They'd only made two payments on their Cape Cod cottage. Outside of a \$5,000 insurance policy, Marge's total assets were the kid's bank account and a couple of baby bonds. What did Social Security do? It provided her a pension of \$51.50 a month—enough so she

could go back to her parents in Iowa and save her little nest egg to give the kid a college education.

Or look at Steve Meriweather, just out of school and starting in with a big electrical equipment outfit. Steve had been going with his girl all through State University but marriage was as far away as ever. His dad's job at the milling office wouldn't last much longer and then Steve was bound to send most of his small paycheck to help out back home. Steve's dad lost his job this year—as expected—but Steve got married just the same. Reason: Social Security sent Steve's dad and mother a check of \$46.35 every month—plenty to keep them comfortably on their little chicken farm on the outskirts of town.

Then there was Hazel Smith. She was making \$75 a week as a stylist for a Fifth Avenue Store. Her father was dead and she supported her mother back in Columbus, Ohio. Hazel worked herself into pneumonia and even sulfapyridine didn't save her. Hazel's mother was a comfortable, old-fashioned person who baked grand pies but had never earned a dollar in her life. Social Security kept her off the relief roll. It sent her a monthly check of \$20.60.



Consider the Anderson twins. When their parents died, Aunt Eleanor adopted them. Aunt Eleanor was an accountant but bringing up the girls cost every penny of her salary. The day before the twins were to graduate from high school—only 16 years old and on the honor roll—Aunt Eleanor died of a heart attack. The girls thought they would have to go to work in the five-and-ten-cent store but Social Security changed their minds. It came through with a monthly check for \$41.20—ample to carry the girls through the normal school course they had planned on.

Now let's look at how Social Security has performed these various small miracles. As you can see, it's not purely an old-age pension plan. Rather, the setup combines a retirement annuity with a kind of life insurance. You may have read some explanations of the scheme. Here is a simple one:

If you live to the age of 65 you get a pension for the rest of your life and one for your wife, too, when she is 65. If you die before that your wife, children or certain other close dependents get a monthly annuity. The amount of the pension or annuity depends on your salary and how long you've

been covered under the system.

The formula for figuring out what pension you're entitled to is easy. Take 40 per cent of the first \$50 of your average monthly salary. Add 10 per cent of the remainder of your salary up to \$200. To this add 1 per cent for each year you've been covered by the system. That sum is your pension.

Example: You've earned \$250 a month for 10 years. Your pension is \$44 a month (\$20 plus \$20 plus \$4).

But that pension-at-65 is just a starter. If your wife is also 65 she gets a pension of half yours. If yours is \$44 your wife's would be \$22 or a total for the two of you of \$66. If you had a child still under 18 he would be entitled to another \$22. That adds up to \$88 but you'd actually get only \$85 because \$85 is the top pension which the law allows.

Now, let's suppose that instead of retiring at the age of 65 you should die at the end of 10 years of coverage. What then? If you left a wife and youngster under 18 they'd have a pension of \$55, your widow getting \$33 (three-fourths of your \$44 benefit) and the child \$22 (one-half your benefit). If you had two children the total would be \$77. There's one catch here, however. Those pen-

sions are paid only until the child is 18. Then they stop, both to the widow and the child. But when the widow reaches 65 the pension starts up again at the same rate of \$33.

If you aren't married when you die and had been supporting your parents each is entitled when he or she reaches 65 to a pension of half your full benefit (\$22 apiece in this case).

Should you die and leave no one at the time of your death entitled to a pension the government will pay your widow or children or parents a lump sum equal to six times the monthly benefit to which you were entitled. In this example that would be \$264. If she didn't get married again, your widow would still get a \$33 pension when she reached 65.

Naturally, the system is complicated. You can see how many quirks there must be. For instance, pensions to widows under 65 and to children stop when the youngster reaches 16 unless the child is in school. If the child is still in high school or has gone on to college the pension runs until he or she is 18.

There are many, many people who aren't covered by the act and who won't share in its benefits un-

less they are closely related to someone who is covered. These include persons who were 65 before the act got going in 1936 and who haven't worked in the last year or two. Or persons who work for themselves like doctors, lawyers and other professional men. Or farmers, farmhands, housemaids, gardeners, cooks and others in domestic service and persons in some non-profit or state-supported institution.

But there is a brighter side, especially for older persons and folks who earn very small incomes. They have a chance to obtain annuities at bargain rates which make Ponzi's fabulous promises look like chickenfeed. There probably hasn't been a chance for so large a net return on small outlay since the days of the Cherokee strip.

Take this sample:

Joseph Smith is nearly 65. So is his wife. He has had almost no work for several years. If he can persuade some one tomorrow to give him a job at \$50 a month for a year and a half, he and his wife will go on Uncle Sam's payroll at \$30 a month for the rest of their lives. If his wife dies, he will continue to get \$20 a month. If he dies, she gets \$15 anyway. The value of that annuity, should you

go out and buy it from the insurance company, would be about \$3,931. But in wages Joseph Smith's pension would cost only \$900—making a return of more than four-fold on the investment. The cost of Smith's annuity in taxes would be only \$18, of which he would pay \$9. Reckoned on his \$9 tax, Joseph Smith's profit figures out at about 43,600 per cent. Not bad, eh?

Spectacular results like that are common for low-bracket workers. There's a provision of the law which limits a pension to 80 per cent of a worker's salary. But there's another provision which fixes the minimum pension at \$10 for a single man, \$15 for a man and wife, and \$20 for a man with two dependents. That makes such a situation as this possible:

A man and his wife are 65 and they have a youngster under 18. If he can earn \$50 every three months for 18 months he'll get a pension for his family of \$20 a month. His pension actually exceeds the pay he earned by \$3.34 a month. The taxes he pays for that \$20 pension total only \$3. For \$3 in taxes he gets a benefit worth roughly \$2,500.

The answer to these amazing returns is, of course—as you probably have already guessed—that

the system is weighted to pay better pensions, proportionally, to those with low incomes and few years of coverage than to those with larger incomes and more years of coverage. Pensions do not increase progressively with higher income. In order to obtain a pension twice as large as that paid to a man who earns \$50 a month you must earn not \$100 but almost \$250. When you have been in the system 10 years you get a pension not quite 10 per cent higher than you would if you'd had only three years of coverage. And even after paying social security taxes for 40 years your pension increases by just about one-third.

This works out—barring future changes in the Act by Congress—so that in many cases of persons who earn high incomes over a substantial number of years their Social Security benefits will not pay as much as if they had taken what the government collects in taxes and bought standard annuities from the life insurance companies.

Suppose a man was born in 1930 and goes to work at \$150 a month in 1951. He is raised to \$200 a month in 1956 and to \$250 in 1961. In 1966 he goes into business for himself. If he retires

at 65 he will get a pension of about \$25 a month. That will have cost him in Social Security taxes \$1,080 (by the time he starts working the tax will have jumped from the present one per cent on the employee to three per cent). If he bought an annuity instead of paying taxes to the federal government, he'd get about \$27 a month—\$2 a month more than from Social Security. Had his salary been higher and had he worked under the system longer the disparity would have been even greater.

This adds up to one dollars-and-cents conclusion. Every person who is covered by the plan—and all his dependents—has a cash

investment in Social Security. For most of us this investment will pay its dividends in time of real need because Social Security checks start flowing when someone's breadwinner dies. Ignorance is going to cost widows, children and aged parents a government pension to which the law entitles them. For remember this. No matter what pension they are authorized to draw, no check will be issued unless an application is made. If you're in doubt whether there's a pension waiting for you or your survivors, write the Social Security Board, Washington, D.C. That's what they are there for.

—MICHAEL EVANS

### *THE DISADVANTAGE OF SMARTNESS*

AT ONE of the leading colleges for women they made an investigation of the number of hours that students spent in study and compared these records with various students' grades. It was found that those who regularly got the highest grades put in fewer hours in study, on the average, than many toward the bottom.

On reflection, that wasn't surprising. It would probably be equally true in many business institutions. A few of those who get along best don't always owe success to hard work so much as to superior qualities of mind.

But such folk are exceptional. Most of us, not being geniuses, have to

make up for what we lack in quality, by working a little longer or a little harder. Because of our vanity, though, we who are only average try to follow the schedule of the superior fellow. Hence an exceptionally smart person in any organization is quite likely to become a nuisance. He slows down the rest of the crowd.

Most of us might as well become reconciled to the common belief that there is much to be said in favor of hard work. It may not be a pleasant truth to admit, but the only way we can outstrip a smart competitor is by sticking at the job longer than he does.

—FRED C. KELLY

## FIFI AND HER FATHER

*HOW HELPLESS SHE WAS! IT WAS HIS DUTY  
TO GUARD HER AGAINST THE PERILS OF LIFE*



THE family was spending the summer at the seashore in a small, very reserved hotel-pension which had only thirty guest rooms.

They were just having dinner on the terrace, which opened on the sea. It was a magnificent starry night. The parents were eating their regular fare, grilled steak with French fried potatoes and salad, caramel ice and fruit. They were drinking red Italian wine and black coffee. With the coffee the father lighted a cigar, the mother a cigarette. Above their table two streaks of smoke rose in the balmy evening air.

Fifi got no meat, no wine, no black coffee. Great care was taken of her diet and her manners. Every moment one of them would admonish her:

"Sit up straight! Don't talk so loud! Hold your fork properly!"

Fifi obeyed the most capricious parental demands with sweet patience. She was a splendidly reared, slender but muscular girl.

She was just fifteen years old.

After dinner her father allowed Fifi to play a few games of ping-pong with another girl of the same age in the hall of the hotel.

At ten o'clock her mother sent her up to bed. The child didn't feel sleepy in the least. She would have liked to play and giggle a little more with her friend. But she didn't argue. Obediently she kissed her mother and her father and then, taking three stairs at a time, she ran up to the second floor where their rooms were. First she wound the gramophone and tried out a few tap figures. Then she took a bath, whistling under the cold shower, brushed her teeth, and then put on her white poplin pajamas, which were full of the milky scent of her young body.

She crawled into bed and closed her eyes. A few straying images swept across her mind. A fragment of her customary prayer, a boy's face, some irregular French verbs,

a few shreds of a tango, and the noise of a ping-pong ball hitting the table.

Although she was not a bit tired, she fell asleep just as cleanly and lightly as a hyacinth when darkness falls upon it.

In the meantime, the parents were walking across the park toward the Hotel Quarnero, where there was to be a gala evening. The man wore a soft silk shirt under his tuxedo. His strong horn-rimmed glasses were in his right-hand pocket. Suddenly he stopped:

"Do you smell the scent of the laurel? I can never have enough to fill my lungs with this marvelous air," he said to his wife.

The summer darkness was full of colored lantern lights, music, the scent of sensuous vegetation.

His wife selfishly neglected to answer her husband but summed up her own esthetic reaction: "I ate too much. I'll have to dance down my dinner."

They arrived at the Quarnero and sat down at a lantern-lighted table. They ordered champagne and drank. Then they got up to dance.

The alcohol put them in a good mood. Secretly both of them were thinking that it would be very easy to find a little adventure if they were alone in this crowded, excited

place. The man was fifty years old, and the thought of approaching old age had never even occurred to him. Because there are people like that. The woman was forty-four on her passport and still not willing to surrender. She dyed her hair, wore a murderous girdle, and ate no bread. Her tactics had an influence even on Fifi, to the extent that she dressed her too much like a baby in order to make herself seem younger.

However, the woman was not a bad mother. She worshiped her child. When late at night they arrived home from the gala evening, she stood in front of Fifi's bed and looked meltingly at her beautiful grown daughter. She called to her husband:

"Come here, Emil. Look at this child sleep. Just like a nymph!"

The man stepped up to the bed. His soul brimmed with paternal pride. He felt like a strong shepherd, toughened by storms, to whom this silky little lamb had been entrusted for keeping and defending.

★ ★ ★

The pension in which they lived had a separate beach. There were a few gaudy tents here and there on it, and some signal poles in the endless sea which showed how far the shallow water extended.



The parents were basking in the sun, lying in the sand, their bodies covered with oil. There was no wind, beautiful weather, the sea a smooth mirror.

Suddenly the woman screamed: "Good heavens! Fifi!"

The man, who was lying on his back, sat up frightened:

"What's the matter?"

The woman pointed out toward the open water. Far out where the sea had taken on an ultra-marine tint there was a little dot of scarlet.

"Look where she is! That's her cap. And I have forbidden her a hundred times to go beyond the poles!"

At first the father became enraged. Then he was seized with deep anxiety. He put his hands above his eyes and watched the little red spot diminish into a poppy seed.

The mother was wringing her hands:

"Emil, go after her! Bring her back! This is driving me insane!"

What could the father do? He had to get up, take off his horn-rimmed glasses, and wade into the sea angrily.

He was a fairly good swimmer, and the first hundred meters he covered smoothly. Then he began to tire. He swam on his chest, on his side, on his back. Then he

rested a little. But still he felt worn out. The shore was already very far away. The salt was making his eyes smart; his limbs were growing numb, and his heart was beating wildly. For a second he thought of turning back, but then he felt ashamed. Didn't he have a goal to reach; to find his child? He swam on, although terror began to seize him when he looked down beneath him into the dark green depths of the sea. His ears began to hum, his heart constricted. I can't make it! he said to himself desperately. Still he moved on semi-consciously, as if his paternal instinct was stronger than his fear of death.

He felt a spark of confused anger too as he struggled for his life:

"Where the hell is that brat?"

He yelled:

"Fifi!"

He meant his shout to be commanding, but the sound left his throat and flew over the waters like a desperate plea for help.

From the shore the woman could not see her husband's struggles. She could only see that he was swimming ahead, always further out, until his head became a dot too. Finally she saw that the two dots out near the horizon met and began to approach the shore,

bobbing unevenly up and down, close together.

She sighed:

"At last!"

There was nothing wrong. Her strong, broad-shouldered, thick-necked Emil had found the child and was bringing her back in his muscular arms.

It is certainly taking a long time to crawl back, the woman thought nervously. Inwardly she was already reassured, and in her soul she was sharpening the words with which she was going to receive her disobedient child.

Finally they reached the shore. They began coming toward her across the sand, but they seemed strange to her. As if the father were leaning on the child.

The man collapsed in the sand like a sack. His lips were blue and in his eyes was terror. He was panting and could not speak.

The mother forgot her angry words. She sensed that out in the water things had not happened as she had imagined them. She

asked in a rather startled voice:

"What's the matter with you, Emil?"

Fifi kissed her mother:

"Oh, he's just worn out. You shouldn't have let him swim out so far. That sort of thing is too much for him. If I hadn't been around just then and had not heard his calls, I don't know how he could have got back to the shore."

The parents were silent. Fifi's eyes were gleaming with the strength of life. From under her red rubber cap little locks of hair curled energetically. The sun was strong. While she rubbed oil on her shoulders she looked at her parents, smiling. Her father was still gasping for air. Her mother's carefully made-up face seemed pinched and suddenly years older from anxiety.

Fifi loved them and pitied them deeply. Poor papa! How scared he had been. And how heavy and clumsy he was! It certainly had not been easy to drag him in.

—SÁNDOR HUNYADY

### HE ASKED FOR IT

HENRY WARD BEECHER went to England during the Civil War to plead the cause of the North. A heckler interrupted him by shouting: "Why did you not whip the South in

six months as you told everybody you would?"

"Because," replied Beecher, "we were fighting Americans and not Englishmen." —J. MACK WILLIAMS

# THE CENSUS TAKER WILL GET YOU

*BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO WATCH OUT—YOU ARE, CONFIDENTIALLY, MERELY A STATISTIC TO HIM*



**M**ORE women will tell the truth about their ages in 1940 than at any other time in our history.

The Census Bureau people who'll be around with the quiz of the year, have it all doped out. The chances are Mrs. O'Grady has a cash interest in having her exact age on record. The Social Security Act has made sound proof of age a financial asset. As for the Colonel's lady, she can take a look at such middle-aged charmers as the Duchess of Windsor and Lynn Fontanne and proudly admit to forty-seven.

The Bureau learned about women during the trial census taken in South Bend, Indiana. After the first day's work, the Bureau made a broadcast from the local radio station. Dramatic stress was laid upon the harm that could be done by lying about one's age. Within an hour, six women called in to correct a mistake made in answering the census taker.

They were afraid they had done themselves out of several years' old age pensions—which can only be collected after presenting proof of age. That's not easy. Millions of Americans lack birth certificates. As late as 1930, birth registration was not required in some states. Social Security administrators will accept authentic entries in old family Bibles, and they will take baptismal certificates. With neither available, a pension applicant can turn to the Bureau of the Census for a certificate of age.

Right now the Bureau turns to the 1900 or 1920 census for such evidence. If Mrs. O'Grady told the 1920 census taker she was thirty-five when she was really forty-five, she may not be able to collect in 1940 the pension she badly needs. In fact, she may have to wait until 1950—ten desperate years.

Of course, most Americans are confident they'll never need a pen-

sion. The Bureau wants these secure ones to know they, too, have a practical interest in telling the truth. Do you hope to collect an inheritance? To take public office? To get a passport? Or a Civil Service appointment? Or get married? Conceivably you might need a kind word from the Bureau to do any one of these things—if you haven't a birth certificate.

Right now the Bureau is 90,000 letters behind in answering requests for age certificates.

Just relax when the census taker comes. You can, in fact, unburden yourself with the truth about your income and the plumbing in your third floor apartment and know it will go no farther. Not even the State Department code is more secret than your census return. There's a law to prevent snooping, a law in force since 1870, a law there's no getting around.

The Bureau of the Census doesn't like to set itself up as opposing any other governmental agency, but it will admit it refused to allow G-Men, during the nationwide hunt for Dillinger, to see his census returns. The FBI thought John's answers might supply clues to his possible whereabouts, but the Bureau felt that it couldn't allow the boys to have a look.

Lately Census officials have learned there's a rumor current that the War Department will use the 1940 returns when and if it lines up a big army. That goes into the folklore file along with the widespread rumor that the Bureau pays a bonus to every family producing seven boys straight, or twins on Christmas Day, or girls on St. Valentine's. The Secretary of War can't see any card tabulated since 1870.

Because too few people know how inviolate a census card is, the Bureau's enumerators have to use tact to get the facts. The best census takers wouldn't think of asking a woman, "What is your age?" Instead, they ask her first the age of the head of the house. When she has answered that one without effort, they follow up with an impersonal, "And what is the age of the wife of the head of the house?" That approach makes the truth easy to extract.

Shelley himself wasn't any more avid for the truth than the 1940 census taker. This count is considered by experts to be the most important in our history. Out of it may come, to name only one item, the housing boom many economists believe would be a shot in the arm to our economic life. Twenty of the 200 questions—

steady there, you won't be asked that many—will relate to housing. Every family will be asked to report accurately on the type of structure it lives in, the age of the building, number of rooms, and convenience. The head of the house or his proxy will be questioned about indebtedness and method of financing, about estimated sales or rental value.

This is the place where many men will be tempted to twist the truth as women do the facts about age. Some men bolster their self-confidence by exaggerating the value of their property. Others are suspicious of all inquiries—they regard the census enumerators as chums of the tax appraisers—and play down values. But the Bureau officials hope the majority can be made to see that honest answers may produce in time jobs for skilled labor, orders for contractors and manufacturers, and better housing for all of us. So let down your hair about the poor lighting in the bathroom and the sag in the living room floor.

Of equal importance are the questions on employment. Unemployment figures have long been a headache to statisticians. Their peculiar nature has made a true picture hard to get. The census taker's queries were framed after

long conferences among social workers, labor statisticians and other chart fanciers. The questions evolved will cover not only working status—a straight “employed” or “unemployed”—but also hours worked, unemployment in the past year, wage or salary and usual occupations. The answers about “usual occupations” may help to explain the static state of our unemployment total while employment figures have been climbing steadily. Paradoxically, while manufacturers report increased employment, none of the unemployed seem to be going back to work.

Authorities think that trick is turned, in many cases, in this way. The man of the house is out of a job. Then his wife gets a chance to work. She has never worked before, and would be perfectly happy to stay a housewife, but the family must eat. His idleness keeps the unemployed total right where it is, while her new job swells the figures of those working. If she loses her job, she'll report herself “unemployed” too, although she would never have classified herself that way five years ago when she was home doing the housework. The “usual occupations” question will simplify that situation and others for the tabulators.



The query which will cause the least flurry among the questioned may well prove the most important in the survey: Where did you live five years ago? From the answers to that one, government officials will get a good idea of the effects of industry shifts, of droughts, depressions, and floods. The story of Mr. Steinbeck's Joad family is a detailed answer to that question.

Every little thing the census taker asks will bring in a flood of information vital to our knowledge of internal social and economic problems. At no period have we suffered greater economic wrenches than in the decade from 1930 to '40. When the last census was taken, we had experienced a bad crash, but prosperity was just around the corner. In ten years, we haven't turned that corner yet, but the 1940 census may help us to build it so we can turn it! Just what we must find out before we start that structure is embodied in the census taker's quiz.

The quiz itself is the result of months of conferences at the Bureau—with business, labor, and agricultural leaders, with trade associations, economists and government officials. With heads together, they doped out the inquiries that will be made in

33,000,000 family dwellings, in 3,000,000 business concerns, in 170,000 manufacturing establishments, and on 7,000,000 farms.

The business census will produce data on consumer debt—both installment and open accounts; on sales — broken down into commodities; on length of ownership. The manufacturers' census will put emphasis on plant equipment. Just how much is our present industrial plant worth, and how much would it cost to bring it up-to-date? The farm census will give the disgruntled agriculturist a chance to tell all—his income and what it could be, his labor problems, and his use of machinery.

Some of the questions to be asked were suggested by the public. More suggestions were politely rejected. Earnest individuals wanted the Census Bureau to find out the number of fence posts in the United States; the amount of mistletoe; number of nursing bottles in use; of virgins in New York City; of Bibles. Census enumerators were urged to find out how you control flies in your house—swatter, paper, or spray? These seekers after strange or specialized knowledge might be fascinated with one fact from the 1930 census: At that time there were 100,000 more married men than mar-



ried women in the United States. No, polyandry isn't the explanation. That many men had wives they were not yet able to import from Europe, Asia, Africa or Australia.

Out of the almost incomprehensible job of taking our census will come the most impressive collection of statistical information in the world. No other country has comparable data. In almost no other country would the information you give the census taker be held as confidential. But the Bureau knows that the only road to accuracy is down that secrecy street. That's the only way the census taker can dodge the little white lies of the women, break down the fronts put up by the men.

The present census is a far cry from the first one, an open-faced job turned in by the town mar-

shals—who did little more than count noses and didn't do that very well.

In Philadelphia, which was then the seat of our government, the marshal posted a bulletin headed: "Persons Who Have Not Yet Been Counted Please Sign Here." Among those not yet tallied was Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State. He promptly signed. So did Robert Morris, financier of the Revolution. Morris noticed that one very distinguished nose had not been counted, and that its possessor had not yet signed. So above his own name, Morris wrote in, "P. U. S.—1." The initials meant the President of the United States. Whether Morris meant by that crytic "1" that General Washington was to be counted as one citizen or as the "First Citizen," the Bureau of the Census doesn't know.

—AUDREY WALZ

## TWICE AS CHARITABLE

ALEXANDRE DUMAS the Elder was a spendthrift, entertaining lavishly and spending today what he hoped to make tomorrow. Frequently his indebtedness led to an acquaintance with judgments and marshals. Needless to say these acquaintances were scarcely to his liking. One day a friend came to him asking for a contribution to help pay for the burial of a neigh-

bor who had died. Dumas readily contributed a five-franc piece. "Who is it?" he asked after his friend had pocketed the coin.

"Why," his friend replied, "didn't you know? It's Grenoire the marshal."

"A marshal," exclaimed Dumas. "In that case here is five francs more. Bury another one."—ALBERT BRANDT

## PORTRAIT OF PAUL OUTERBRIDGE

BLACK AND WHITES BORED HIM BUT THE  
CHALLENGE OF COLOR WAS IRRESISTIBLE



PAUL OUTERBRIDGE, JR., is the only man working in color photography who subscribes wholly to the art-axis, leaving the business-axis independently sprung.

Outerbridge is acutely sensitive, with a psychogenic dislike for the senseless struggle and competition of everyday life. He embraces art as a refuge, preferring it in forms as abstracted as possible. For a second line of defense, he leans toward the mystic. He keeps one foot on Picasso, the other on Vivikenanda.

His mind goes inward, practically comes to rest at the seat of his spine, like the coiled Kundalini of the yogis. He looks and sits and moves like a maharajah, taking it for granted that the world will move slowly and leisurely past his dais. Screened behind an opaque mustache, he talks softly, dreamily, aimlessly, enthusiastically, about anything and everything that comes into his mind. Like

Felix Kennaston, in Cabell's *Cream of the Jest*, he could be plunged into the purple of *pleasance* by a gleam of light on top of a cold cream jar.

He lives in a broken down frame house in the country—a place he describes with the same tone he would use for the House of Usher. Although each time you see him, you expect him to announce that the house has fallen, the place is resplendent with ultra-high amperage lighting equipment, modernistic furniture, precision laboratories, pedigreed dogs, and a seven-foot snake. He does his own cooking, and dines richly. He dries his prints over the kitchen stove while his guests and suave models wash the dishes. He does all of this in the grand manner.

The keynote of Outerbridge's work is its intellectual rather than romantic quality. It tells no story, in realistic terms; it has no more program than a Bach fugue. An



### EVE

English art magazine compares Outerbridge to Chardin. This may or may not be praise, depending on your feeling for Chardin.

On the other hand, Outerbridge's tastes are amazingly catholic. Take the case of Maxfield Parrish. Parrish had been at-



FROM THE BOOK "PHOTOGRAPHING IN COLOR"

## AVOCADOS

tacked. Quickly and gallantly Outerbridge rose to the defense. "Come to think of it," he said, "Parrish did some quite cute little things. In his way he was all right. I'll stand up for him."

For this statement alone, Outerbridge deserves a spot in the Pantheon. Only a man with reasonably-sure sensibilities can look at creative work the way he would look at a field of clover.

One plant is not necessarily to be stepped on because another, near by, happens to be different.

★ ★ ★

Outerbridge entered life with the express purpose of becoming an artist. He was born in New York in 1896, the son of a wealthy Bermudian surgeon. He was sent to country club preparatory schools. He then abandoned interest in Harvard for the Prophet's



THE NEW HAT

MARCH, 1940



COURTESY OF HOUSE BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

## INTERIOR DECORATION

CORONET



Paradise of art. Whether ultimate good can come of either is still a debatable point.

His art education was cosmopolitan; he studied portraiture, abandoned it when he sensed the depths to which a portrait artist must dive. He studied anatomy under Bridgeman, photography at the Clarence H. White School, and sculpture under Archipenko—inventor of “moving paintings.”

At one time, he amused himself toying with theatre (at 18 he had written and produced a quasi-professional review). He tried his young hand at posters, did some for the old Winter Garden shows.

“Attendance at schools,” says Outerbridge, “was neither long nor regular.”

Perhaps his greatest enthusiasm showed itself at the Clarence H. White School—his last scholastic venture. “Mr. White was a great inspiration to me,” Outerbridge said. “He infused the school with his personality.” Outerbridge worked hard, sincerely, imaginatively, in the meanwhile continuing with his other art work.

By 1922, he was doing full pages of art work for *Vanity Fair*, photographs and layouts for *Harper's Bazaar*. His shots in *Harper's* pictured merchandise so well that

the editor decided to revive a shopping service—dead for years.

One of Outerbridge's most sensational commercial jobs at this time was a picture of an *Idle collar*. He planted the collar on a chessboard, turned a straight display picture into a semi-Picasso abstraction. Marcel Duchamp, painter of the perennial *Nude Descending the Staircase*, clipped this out of a magazine, posted it on the wall of his studio.

His poster media were ultrasimple, belonging properly to what might now be called the Period of the Weimar Republic. Art directors were not sold on this technique. “Too new,” they said. “Come back in five years.”

Outerbridge's father said, in the meanwhile, “Do something that will make a living.” There was a short interregnum in a brokerage office.

In 1924, Outerbridge began his period of expatriotism. He took passage for France. Nast Publications said to him, “Look up Mainbocher, our Paris editor.” Soon Outerbridge was doing layout work for Paris *Vogue*.

Eventually he went to Berlin, home of the modern motion picture; then to London, where he worked with Dupont, producer of *Variety*, the film that injected

modernism into cinema technique. Most readers will remember it for the finely-drawn voluptuousness of Lya de Putti. Many of the camera angles in *Variety* paralleled the approach Outerbridge had already experimented with in his still photography.

Outerbridge kept on at his art rounds and experiments. Soon he was back in Paris designing and building the largest studio in the world for *Mason Siegel*, "the world's greatest manufacturer of wax figures."

★ ★ ★

There is a question: Why should Outerbridge put such concentration on photography when his training had been fairly broad in the other art forms? Outerbridge claims that one of the factors was a "growing feeling that most of the best art of the world in painting and sculpture had been done, and that this newest form was more related to the progress and tempo of modern science and the age."

"To appreciate photography," Outerbridge contends, "one must dissociate it from other forms of art expression. Instead of holding a preconceived idea of art, founded upon paintings, it must be considered as a distinct medium of expression—a medium capable

of doing certain things which can be accomplished in no other way." This was the argument of "Photo-Secession."

"The camera," he argues, "and the various apparatus and materials used in photography are, after all, merely tools, as are the paints, brushes, and chisels of other arts. And the result is bounded, not by the limitations of the tools, but by those of the man."

A time came when Outerbridge thought he had gone as far in his work with black and white as he possibly could. He turned to color. "I decided," he said, "I wanted to make the best color shots made by anybody, anywhere."

He came back to America and got to work.

Going was uphill. This was ten years ago, and color was still a secret. The few people who knew anything about it, wouldn't talk. "You had to pick up information wherever you could," Outerbridge said, "and read what you could—although the books were usually wrong."

Today, Outerbridge works only in color. His black-and-whites are a thing of the past—those shown with this article were made fifteen to eighteen years ago. "I



42ND STREET EL

had gotten completely fed up with photography," he said. "Color lured me back—the new difficulties, the new possibilities; it was,

to me, definitely a challenge."

Many of the black-and-whites are in museums — some in the Metropolitan, some in the Boston



#### COLLAR AD

Art Museum. Many of the best pictures—on a platinum medium—exist only as a single print. The negatives, like the plates of a rare

etching, have quite unaccountably disappeared or been destroyed.

His color work has the same precision of line and definiteness

of design that made the platitudes important. It has, further, a technical excellence in texture, tone and vitality that make it — with some of the prints of Nickolas Muray—perhaps the best work being done today.

★ ★ ★

In Outerbridge's drawings, he has carried out the same interest in what Mr. Clive Bell calls "significant form" that accent his photographs. An example of this is a series of drawings, with which he is particularly pleased. In these drawings the only elements used are the relationship of linear rhythms with black and white planes. "The problem attempted here," Outerbridge said, "is to make pure black-and-white sparkle like fireworks . . .

"Sometimes," he continued, "I made twenty or thirty drawings to develop one containing only about half a dozen lines — but lines placed in such a position their place was inevitable from a standpoint of suggestion and rhythm."

Outerbridge's chief interest, and perhaps his most fruitful place would be in the production end of color movies. He would be a moving force in Hollywood. Few people today can offer such a combination of technical knowl-

edge of color, photographic experience, feeling for the drama of design, and natural flair for *bizarrierie*.

He could bring a *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* quality to the American cinema—in terms of the modern *metier*, and with the fullness of impression that color can give when used with imagination and taste. Anyone who has paid much attention to the color quality of such recent movies as *The Wizard of Oz* and *Hollywood Cavalcade*, must realize that there is nothing the picture industry needs more than a *mensch*. Whether or not Outerbridge could fill this role remains to be seen; it is something worth trying.

The color situation in Hollywood today is like that of the opera company in Buenos Aires which was limping without its conductor. One day someone had a bright idea. "Why not," he said, "try Toscanini—he knows the scores by heart."

★ ★ ★

During these periods of experiment, of the testing of values, of ideas, of experiences, Outerbridge has written widely. His articles on art, on photography, on conceptions of beauty in women, have appeared, with and without his pictures, in magazines here and



## PIANO

in Germany and England as well.

At this moment he is color editor of *U. S. Camera*. His *chef d'oeuvre*, however, is the newly-

published *Photographing in Color*—perhaps the most comprehensive book on the technique and art of color photography yet to appear.

CORONET



Outerbridge, perhaps more than any other photographer or artist today, embodies the essence of Mr. Pater's celebrated notion: "Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or sea is choicer than the rest . . . for that moment only." And that, in the long run, "not the fruit of experience, but experience itself is the end. . . ."

This is the core of Outerbridge's

life; he lives for the experiences that come out of his work and his materials. Once this is realized in a given medium, he passes on to the focal point of new experiences, new forms. He would agree that "art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake."

—ROBERT W. MARKS

## ALL THE UPSETS AREN'T IN SPORTS

"YOU must have figured wrong, madam. Your account isn't overdrawn. Our records show that you have a balance of \$27.82."

★

"My goodness, that's the fifth complaint we've had about that new traffic cop today. Of *course* you didn't run through a red light, and he had no business to run you in. We've just discovered he's color blind."

★

"Don't look so surprised, Jim dear. I *said* I'd meet you at seven-thirty, didn't I?"

★

"There will be a long wait for all seats! There will be a long wait for all seats!—A h—— of a long wait!"

★

"Why, your teeth are in perfect shape. I can't imagine why you came in for a check-up."

"Yes, Mummy, I know I'm tired and cranky. Put me to bed, please."

★

"This movie sure has me buffaloed. I haven't the faintest idea who the Hooded Slayer is."

★

"It's much funnier the way I tell it. The way Tim tells them, he ruins them."

★

"Well, with all the weight I'm putting on I *shouldn't* eat any of these chocolates—so by golly I won't."

★

"I won't be home for dinner, darling. I'm taking my secretary out on a bender."

★

"Isn't it a funny thing? My telephone *never* rings when I'm all alone in the house and taking a bath."

★

"Well, if he claims that, I'm a liar."

—TRACY PERKINS

## THOUGHTS IN PASSING

### *A Portfolio of*

### *Drawings by Jean Bruller*

JEAN BRULLER tries only to give a graphic representation of the world that he sees before him in his native France. That it is the same world we see in the United States is a tribute to the universality of his perception. It is easy for Bruller to speak an international language, for he is conversant with those things which are common to all peoples—the irrevocable solitude of man, his conformity to the impositions of progress and society, his spiritual inquietude and the chains that he has forged on himself. This is not to make out Bruller as a philosopher of the drawing board. It is simply that there is philosophy in life and, in reporting those aspects of life which meet his eye, Bruller intuitively clarifies the everyday phenomena of existence. Theoretically, any of us might do the same thing for ourselves. But Jean Bruller has done it for us so eloquently that we would only be elucidating what he has already made obvious.



SOLITUDES

MARCH, 1940



IN SEARCH OF IMMORTALITY

CORONET



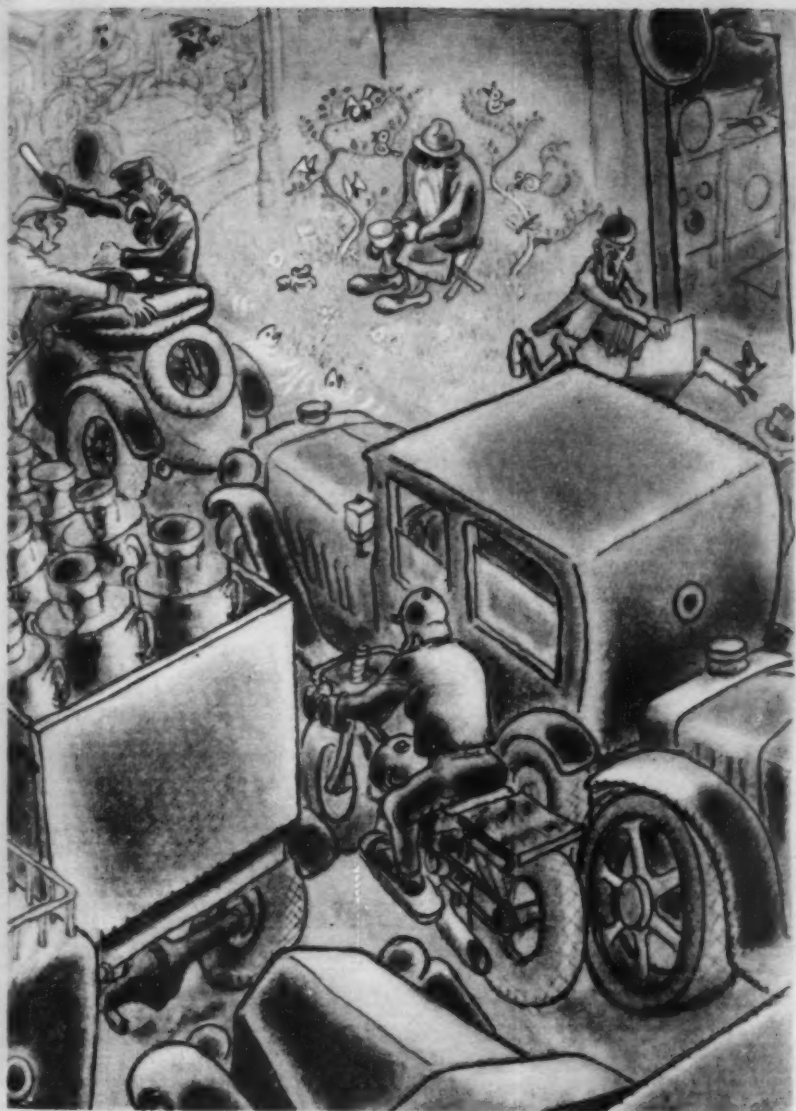
THE CHEER-LEADER

MARCH, 1940



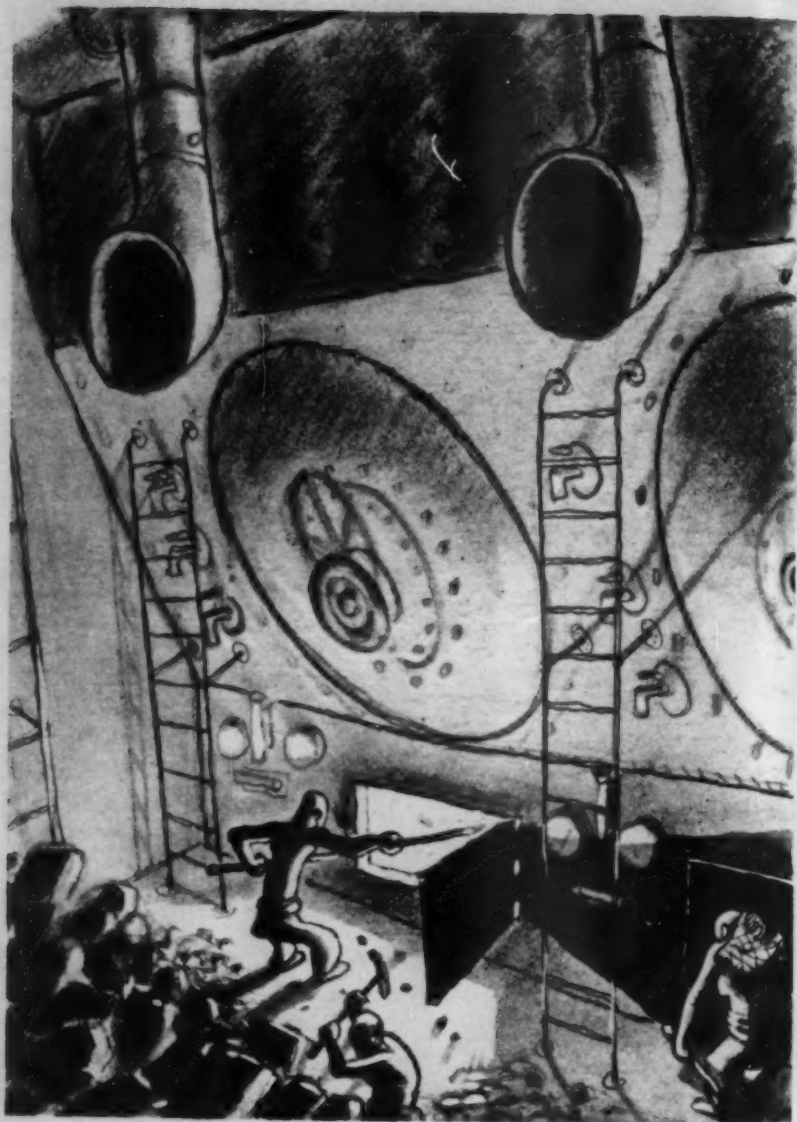
**HOMAGE TO PROGRESS**  
*Or the Encouragement of Benevolence*





**PASTORAL SYMPHONY**  
*Or the Compensations of Being Blind and Deaf*

MARCH, 1940

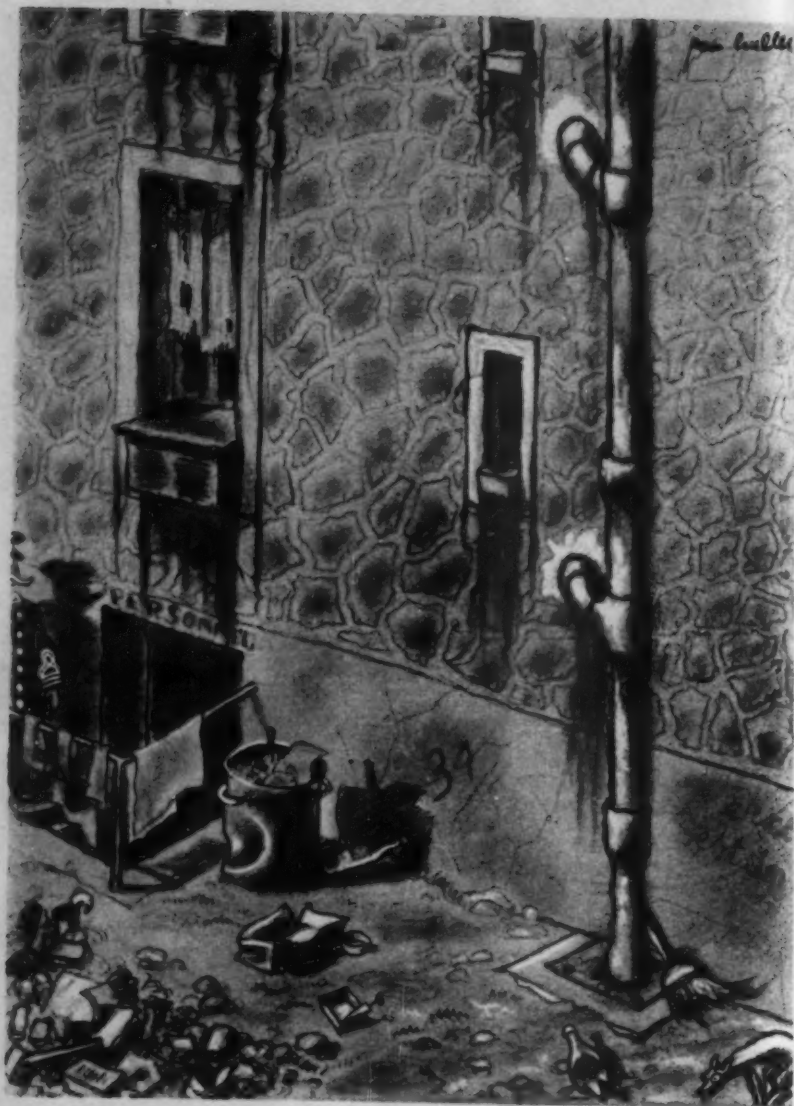


THE "PACIFIC," EN ROUTE FROM SYDNEY, PASSES  
IN VIEW OF THE PARADISE ISLANDS



THE MAN OF SUCCESS  
*Or the Fruitful Endeavors*

MARCH, 1940



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PALACE

CORONET

## DON'T CALL HIM GENIUS

MR. WELLES GOES TO TOWN, LETTING THE CHIP  
ON HOLLYWOOD'S SHOULDER FALL WHERE IT MAY



THE writers of Hollywood were jealous of Orson Welles because every writer believes he really ought to direct his pictures, and behold, Mr. Welles was not only to write his films but to direct them. The directors felt put out because every director really wants to be an actor, and along came Mr. Welles with a contract not only to write and direct his pictures, but to act in them. The actors felt belligerent toward Mr. Welles because every actor wants to act all the parts of any piece in which he is engaged, and Mr. Welles was going to act at least two of the main parts in *Heart of Darkness*. And finally the producers were downright alarmed about Mr. Welles because a producer thinks he is needed to coordinate the work of directors, writers, and all, so here was Mr. Welles being all and being his own producer on top of all.

Therefore, Hollywood had its own reasons for being hostile.

Hostility was expressed by labeling the unknown danger a genius. Certain of the newspaper columnists took to appending the epithet, the genius, to the name of Orson Welles every time they put it into print.

Mr. Welles had come to Hollywood in the act of growing a beard. This beard was to be part of his character in *Heart of Darkness*, but a beard on a young, ruddy face has long been a symbol of bohemianism. It fitted precisely what a lot of not-too-enlightened folk who had read nothing but movie trade-papers for the last seven years wanted to believe about Orson Welles, so the beard became a subject of endless jibes. This wound up around Christmas when an actor sent Mr. Welles the gift of a ham with a beard on it.

Shortly, however, Orson Welles shaved, because he was going to act in another picture before *Heart of Darkness*, so the gag lost its acid.



Very well, Orson Welles was contracted to write-direct-act-produce, and the hounds of Hollywood waited with their fangs bared. And the young man did have a picture-idea that would stop them. In Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* he saw a theme of tension, an opportunity for a pure cinematic treatment that would prove he was a creative artist with a real sense of the discipline of his medium.

Orson Welles's plan for *Heart of Darkness* was startling, fresh, and so simple that many studio big-wigs couldn't understand it. When the script was finished and passed around there was an intensification of whispering, of innuendo; it was revolutionary in method, it would never be made, it would not be understood, why, the girl never even got to meet the man, etc., etc.

All he was doing was making the camera tell the story the way Conrad had told it, and giving the story itself accent by revealing its meaning in present-day political terms.

Technically, his revolution in method consisted simply in the use of a consistent camera point of view. The camera was Marlowe, teller of the tale.

Now every one remembers,

from English I, the literary axiom that a story has to be told from a point-of-view. Usually, the author assumes the "omniscient" point of view—he is in a position to know and see everything. Sometimes, however, he limits his point of view by "going inside" a character, seeing and knowing only what that person would see or know. This is one of the favorite modern methods of character-drawing.

In the *Heart of Darkness* Conrad used the outside viewpoint only to introduce his interlocutor, Marlowe. Then Marlowe took up the story, telling of an experience he had once been through as captain of a boat going up a jungle river. Everything had to be seen through Marlowe's memory.

Now, the motion picture, in the past, has almost totally neglected to make use of point-of-view possibilities for character revelation. A photoplay is almost always written from the outside, or omniscient, viewpoint. The camera can hear all, see all. It points successively to those things which add up into a story.

In *Heart of Darkness*, Welles begins like Conrad began, by coming from outside, seeing the harbor, closing down to a boat, a man on the boat, Marlowe.



Marlowe begins to tell his story. And from then on, the camera is Marlowe. As he warms to the story, he is still seeing himself externally: he sees himself going to an office and signing to skipper a jungle river boat, and gradually he begins more and more to re-live rather than to re-view the experience. As this happens, the camera ceases to be his mind's eye, and becomes his eye. We get to know that Marlowe went to the English resident's quarters, not by a shot of his figure walking toward the barrack, but by a shot of what his eyes saw on the way. We do not see him as a figure entering the room, but the camera, as Marlowe, enters the room, seeing what he saw. When he sits down, we know it not by a shot of the man being seated, but because the camera point-of-view changes, lowering to the level of a sitting man's eyes.

At this point it must be realized that the method invites tricks. Orson Welles must remind the spectator by subtle means that he is seeing through Marlowe's eyes and not through the habitual omniscient camera-eye. This could be done by shadows, since a man can see his own shadow. But Welles soon realized that this was a trick which would call attention

to itself, distracting from the story.

More natural devices were found. Sometimes, a hand is seen lighting a pipe, much as a man may watch his own hand lighting his pipe. Little touches of this sort form adequate fences for the enclosed story.

Obviously, there is nothing difficult to understand about this method. On the screen, it becomes self-explanatory. But the script did not read like an ordinary film script and therefore some motion picture executives were puzzled. They had faith in the "genius" and were willing to let him proceed, but mostly on faith.

In the meantime, a lot of big talk was going on about new methods of filming, which would require new cameras and all kinds of strange devices. Preparation of the film was held up while cameras were devised to carry out Mr. Welles's ideas.

The most radical of these innovations, the genius laughingly revealed, was the mounting of an extra finder on the camera, for the use of the director. This little device will enable director and photographer to work together and save the expensive minutes that pass, on every set, while they take turns looking through the finder, in setting up a scene. It is,

of course, the kind of simple and obvious improvement that anyone with common sense might hit upon, and which is usually suggested by a newcomer with the nerve to speak up.

The second mechanical marvel is the use of a gyroscope-attachment to give the camera natural movement in the complicated action of sitting down. A mere backward downward movement does not suggest sitting. So finally they figured out how to use a gyroscope to give the proper sway and unbalance to the sitting-down movement.

The third, and really important, innovation devised by Orson Welles for *Heart of Darkness* is the featherwipe. The featherwipe, he believes, may turn out to be the film's only real contribution to the advance of motion pictures. And the featherwipe is not easy to explain. When executives saw it in the script, where the script should have read "cut" or "pan" or "dissolve," they decided it was the mark of ignorance, or a gag. Technicians, however, had been out on the back of the lot making experimental featherwipes with young Mr. Welles.

The featherwipe is Mr. Welles's device for maintaining the visual flow of a photoplay without the

constant minor jars involved in cutting from scene to scene. It carries, too, the illusion of a character's eye, rather than a camera in movement. The human eye, for instance, does not cut from the man at the piano to the man coming in at the door. That would correspond to blinking while turning the head. Nor does it turn as slowly as a swiveling camera. It featherwipes. The trick is a combination of a dissolve and a double-exposure and a pan, and it makes possible an almost uninterrupted effect in a long scene that is actually composed of several cuts. One scene which Mr. Welles wanted to have played with continuous effect would run twelve minutes; most movie takes run a minute, or less. The featherwipe is the answer.

Such were the technical innovations. There were other unusual things about the *Heart of Darkness* script. One element which had attracted him to the Conrad story was the opportunity presented for the use of commentary. Conrad's magic-worded descriptions of the trip up-river could be spoken by Marlowe, in narration accompanying some of the atmospheric scenes. Such commentary has been coming back to films, slowly, now that synchronized

speech is no longer a mechanical wonder, and effects can be achieved for the sake of art rather than for the sake of mechanical exhibition.

Beyond method, there was meaning, and again in this story he saw an opportunity. It was, to begin with, a straight story of a man-hunt: a classic movie situation. But in modern times the agent whom Marlowe finally found presiding as a god over the native blacks—this agent could be more than an egomaniac in search of ivory. He could be presented as the agent of a foreign power who had made himself a dictator over the fiercest natives. And Welles, through Conrad's own story, could show how in the end the very horror of being a god to savages destroyed the dictator. It was a perfect parable for modern times.

This, then, was the *Heart of Darkness* script. And the river sequences would either have to be done on location in Africa or Florida, or would have to be done through use of miniatures. The safari possibilities proved impractical. So, as Mr. Welles was boyishly and somewhat roguishly proud to remark, the river set would be built as the "biggest miniature" ever made in Hollywood, home of technical paradoxes.

This, too, would take time.

And as the preparations became more and more protracted, rumors began to fly, about the perfectionist methods of the genius. Actually, he was working with the most intense practicality, figuring every foot of film out in advance, and building all the necessary bridges beforehand. If he had started to shoot as soon as the script was ready—the usual method (in fact *Gone with the Wind* was completed before the script was completed), his first film would have needed a budget multiplied by four.

So he got another idea. While the biggest miniature set was being built and the cameras were being built, he would make an "ordinary" picture. A straight action film with sets that existed on the lot and with a girl star as support.

To some, it might look like capitulation. But a study of the second-film-first proves Welles had no idea of going Hollywood; he is merely a practical genius. *The Smiler with a Knife* is a mystery-chase with political bite. It is a sort of *It Can't Happen Here*, as might be envisioned by Alfred Hitchcock. By making this film on a small budget Welles accomplished three objectives: (1) He kept his Mercury players working,

instead of sitting around Hollywood growing beards. (2) He gave himself actual experience in shooting a film, before tackling the immensely involved *Heart of Darkness*. (3) He smothered the genius talk.

The last may seem trifling, but it comprised the greatest danger to him in Hollywood. It could have swollen to the point of wrecking his chances for a motion picture career. And he wants, intensely, to work in pictures. Certainly, the theatre is his first love, but the motion picture, he points out, is the dominant art medium of today. Besides, Hollywood, contrary to the general impression, is more experiment-minded than Broadway. "I hate Broadway as much as I love the theatre," he says, and if his love

for the motion picture is a second love, he does not, in compensation, harbor any hatred for Hollywood.

"You can't interest Broadway in an idea because it is a good idea. But the motion picture people will listen." Orson Welles lost \$65,000 of his own money, money he had made in radio, last year because he wanted to try some ideas in the theatre. And yet the dagger-men spread talk of his exploiting the Mars publicity, suggesting that he was a cheapener of art, a stunt-man.

That always happens to strangers with ideas. But Welles has youth, and prodigious energy, and immense persuasiveness, and practical genius. He knew just when to shave off that beard.

—MARTIN LEWIS

### DIPLOMATIC GLOSSARY

**P***ace Conference*: A get-together in which nations agree not to go to war with each other under any circumstances — unless circumstances should arise to invalidate the agreement.

**Ambassador**: A good-will emissary from one nation to another who, by being recalled, can make the other nation's face red.

**Fait accompli**: The system of a country's doing things first and not bothering to ask please afterwards.

**Note of protest**: An international communication which is customarily answered by a note protesting the note of protest.

**Ally**: A friendly country which—you hope—hasn't signed a secret pact to fight on the opposite side when war breaks out.

**Diplomatic strategy**: A method of fooling your fellow diplomats by telling them the exact truth about the aims and intentions of your country.

—OSCAR HATCH

# THE MONKEY AND THE MANGO

THEY HARDLY EXPECTED THE JUNGLE CREATURE  
TO BE CIVILIZED, BUT HER GREED WAS REVOLTING



THE ideal of Brazil is one big family, and that includes, besides servants both black and white, all the animals that came over in the ark. So under the life-giving sun of Rio de Janeiro our own Brazilian-American family expanded from the five of us to nine humans. The family of animal pets totaled thirteen, including an untamed mother monkey whose nursing baby was so appealingly human that both Connie and Carlton, our two children, hovered around the cage, trying to feed the bright little fellow, giving its mother scolding advice and finally killing it with kindness.

Poor old mother monkey, she was scared to death, whining, cuddling her baby so close to her bosom we could scarcely distinguish its hairs from hers. But soon she began to calm down and Carlton came running with the news that she was actually nursing her baby, in public, for the first time. So the whole household trooped up to

see. Young but fatherly Guedes gave the soft neigh of an affectionate colt, while big black Eva said we ought to feed the poor little one some *abobora*, which is Portuguese-Brazilian for squash.

"*Abobora* wouldn't be good for these *mocacos*, Senhora Eva," young Guedes protested. "They're fruit-eating monkeys."

"Oh, I know what!" Little Connie was off down the long stone stairs. "I'll get her a nice ripe mango."

And when she came back with a big one that glowed like a sunset out of her two small fists, everybody was excited as Connie pressed it against the wires, pushing the juice-dripping pulp through. The shining red fruit caught the monket's eye and it struggled to get free from its mother who held it tight, until Guedes made a motion to distract her and that tiny baby sprang through the air, clung to the wires and wiggled its light little skeleton down like a hairy



spider. The mother, with her attention diverted for only a moment, looked suddenly frightened as her eyes rounded on that escaped infant. With one smooth swing down she was on the brat like a fury, snatching the mango out of its sticky little fingers that looked as though they were stretched in black kid gloves.

"Why you awful old thing!" cried Carlton, as the mother monkey gave ringing slaps on that tiny face with her leathery open palm.

"The greedy thing! She wants it all for herself!" Cornelia reddened with her sense of justice.

The gorging infant managed to get a few more furtive bites of the orange-colored pulp and bolt them before she was snatched up and lifted to the very top of the tree where the mother rocked, hugging her convulsively, chattering like a maniac, eyes blazing down red at us, spitting the fire of "*J'accuse! J'accuse!*"

In our civilized, superior way, we thought the whole scene just an outburst of savagery and left, hurling unkind remarks at such an unnatural mother. But it wasn't long before Cornelia slipped up by herself to see if everything had calmed down, and then we heard her cry over the railing, "Oh, oh, oh, oh, the little monkey's dead."

And sure enough, when we climbed up, there was the tiny hairy thing stretched out on the bottom of the cage, a green froth foaming from its taut black lips, while higher than ever in the tree, as though her shaking back would lift the roof off to the free sky, the mother sat with her face pressed close in her hands, sobbing, sobbing; the tears glistened through her fingers, rolled down and dropped in final benediction on her baby we had killed with the kindness of ignorance.

"I was going to say I always heard that mango will poison a nursing baby," old black Eva exhaled a long, tragically-held breath, "but I wasn't sure it would happen to a monkey."

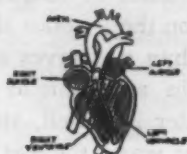
The little burial in a corner of the garden was fully attended. After that nobody wanted to go into the garden for a while, and when we did, one morning, sure enough, there was a great gap ripped in the wire cage and the mother was gone. We knew it hadn't taken her long to swing up our Santa Thereza hill at night and across to the comfort of her home jungle and her more enlightened kind. We only hoped the poor creature hadn't got lost or caught before she made it.

—BOB BROWN



## A GOOD HEART FOR LIFE

DON'T WORRY ABOUT WHETHER YOUR HEART  
CAN TAKE IT—IF YOU ARE GIVING IT A CHANCE



FOR a long time now we have had grave forebodings as to how long the human heart will be able to withstand the strain of this mad, unhealthy, helter-skelter, alcoholized thing called modern life. "The heart was designed for an out-of-doors, normal, well-balanced existence," we have been told repeatedly, "not for the jazzed-up seventy-mile-an-hour travesty of living which we go through today." It has seemed certain that a climax was in the offing, that the overworked, put-upon heart would stage a sit-down strike on us, perhaps bringing the human race to an end.

The scaremongers, Godsakers, and pseudo-scientists, who have been responsible for this, have always been able to make out a plausible case. There have been figures to back them up, because heart disease has been on the increase. More people are dying from angina pectoris, coronary thrombosis, and just plain heart

failure, all the time. If we are to believe the figures, the day is coming when digitalis will be carried as generally as fountain pens and handkerchiefs; when, instead of cocktails before dinner, we'll have to take a heart examination to see if we dare indulge in a slice of the roast beef.

Consider the statistics. The number of deaths from heart trouble has risen in the last twenty-five years from 131 annually per hundred thousand to 341. The survey, on which the figures are based, was made in New England, and the tempo of life Down East is still supposed to retain some of the placidity of Puritan days when hearts were kept under a close check-rein. One wonders what horrors of cardiac degeneration would be revealed if the statistics had been based instead on life in New York, Chicago or Hollywood.

Well, you'll be glad to know there is nothing to it at all. The

heart can stand modern life as readily as it did the reputedly placid existence of earlier days. An automobile jaunt at 80 miles an hour has no more effect on the cardiac organ apparently than a four-mile-an-hour joyride in an oxcart. The heart is healthier in the main today than it ever was before, because man's general condition has improved.

The answer to the riddle is contained in the same table of statistics. During the corresponding period that heart failure has seemed to be mounting so alarmingly, tuberculosis has dropped from 182 to 45 per hundred thousand, pneumonia from 110 to 41, and all infectious diseases in like proportion. Medical science is gradually mastering disease and finding the answers to the once common afflictions. As a result the span of life expectancy is increasing. This means that an ever larger number of people must die from heart failure, because it is the giving out of the faithful old pumping station which brings about the inevitable ending to a healthy life. In other words, the percentage of deaths from heart trouble must increase in proportion to the lowering of the toll from other diseases.

The medical millennium will be

reached when all deaths can be ascribed to the wearing out of the heart.

So, don't let's worry any more about that stout old organ which serves as the powerhouse of the human body and is believed as well, though erroneously, to be the seat of all emotions. The heart can take it. All we have to do is give it an even break and it will carry us through the tremors and explosions of twentieth-century life. We over-work it by the excesses of one kind and another in which we indulge, we overeat until great bands of cellular suet turn what nature designed as a slender waist line into an imitation of the old-fashioned family wash-tub, and can still count on the heart to keep us going through the motions.

It is a fact also that the heart has unusual powers of recuperation. Every now and then people, who have been told that their hearts have shot their bolt, find after years of cautious and apprehensive living that there is nothing wrong with them at all. A favorite device in fiction, this situation is occurring in real life all the time. The usual reaction is to hand the razzberry to the doctor who made the diagnosis, although it is safe to assume in

almost all cases that he has not been in error. The patient undoubtedly would have died if he or she had gone on living as before. Such cases should be regarded as proof of the remarkable comeback power of the heart *when given a proper chance*. If the body is reasonably healthy otherwise, it is possible to recover from heart shortcomings except in the comparatively rare cases where a grave failure has been accompanied by congestion or acute conditions have been precipitated by leaking aneurysm or an an-ginal state.

Whole volumes would have to be written to cover the subject from every angle, and so this article will be confined to one phase only: What the individual can do to keep his or her heart in a healthy condition. Fortunately, there is a great deal which can be done. In fact, there is no reason at all why the individual, having successfully navigated the chancy phases of childhood, should ever suffer from serious affections of the heart. The advance signals of trouble in this all important department are so unmistakable that they can be detected by even the most careless of indifferent. If caught in the earlier stages, and treated with

honesty and care, the irregularities can be cured or, at the worst, held in check.

The commonest causes are rheumatic fever, other infectious diseases, syphilis, and arteriosclerosis. Syphilitic trouble is the only one which is hard to detect. It is slow and insidious in development and sometimes can be positively identified only by post mortem. The other manifestations of the disease are certain to be detected, however, and the methods of cure are so well established that today syphilis is not counted among the most dangerous contributing causes to heart trouble. The most dangerous is arteriosclerosis which is a degenerative condition in the blood vessels. The cells in the walls of the arteries die and are replaced by a bone-like deposit, thus causing the blood channels to narrow or harden. It is commonest among men, and develops most often with those who live sedentary lives. Heredity, the excessive use of alcohol and tobacco, overeating, are the usual factors in bringing it about.

As stated before, it is easy to detect the first symptoms of trouble in the cardiac region. The very earliest will be a shortage of breath and a tendency to puff and

heave after indulging in any form of exercise more violent than you are accustomed to. Sometimes a tightness of the chest will be noticed when you go out suddenly into the cold air. Later, pains will be felt in the region of the heart. Irregularities will show themselves in the pulse. Asthma will sometimes develop as a symptom of heart weakness. As the trouble becomes more acute, the symptoms naturally become more pronounced and unmistakable. A tense feeling across the forehead, increased pains, real difficulty in breathing under exertion, coughing with a frothy sputum, vomiting after eating.

The first thing the sufferer from these symptoms must do is to go to a doctor for a thorough examination. This should not be put off, because an ultimate cure can be regarded as certain only when the trouble has been detected and treated in the early stages. In fact, it must be accepted that until such time as the heart can be pronounced sound and shipshape again—which will usually be a matter of years—the patient must remain under medical care. This means a willingness to accept the conditions, to be honest with oneself in meeting the necessity for sacrifices. It

implies a willingness to live a completely orderly life, to avoid all physical excesses, particularly in the matter of recreations, to cut down on smoking and drinking or even to stop them entirely if the doctor so orders, to eat sensibly and lightly, to steer clear of excitement of every kind. A proper mental attitude is always the most important part of the cure, and it is a difficult thing to achieve. At first it is very hard to settle down to the slow and tepid routine which heart trouble makes necessary.

There are plenty of little things the sufferer from incipient heart disease can do: Such as, keeping the head well raised when lying in bed, avoiding crowded rooms and public gathering places, particularly in winter time when the air is likely to be overheated and full of germs, taking every care to escape sudden physical strains and stresses. No form of exercise must ever be carried beyond the point where breathlessness manifests itself. It should be said here that drinking and smoking do not necessarily lead to heart troubles by themselves. As in everything else, it is excessive addiction which makes them contributing factors. Smoking may not be strictly injurious but it is liable to cause

coughing, and this in turn may lead to infections in the throat.

It is necessary to avoid running, and to walk up rising grades slowly. The same applies to walking under difficult conditions, such as in the teeth of a strong wind. Under no circumstances should a man who has heart trouble, or who has suffered from it in the past, attempt to lift heavy objects. Some authorities set a limit of fifty pounds in this connection.

When the trouble has developed beyond the first stages, it is wise to climb stairs as little as possible, and slowly. A sufferer from angina must be sure to live within the limits of his pain, as one writer has put it. When the pain is first felt, in other words, he must cease all motion until it has subsided and must then remain quiet for double the time it took to gain relief. Above all else, the sufferer from any form of advanced heart trouble must have plenty of rest. The old adage should be amended — Early to bed, late to rise.

The achievement of a proper frame of mind is almost as important as the maintenance of a correct physical routine. Worry is as hard on a skipping heart as playing eighteen holes on a sultry

day. A tranquil mind, on the other hand, is conducive to physical ease. If you worry for an hour over the state of your bank account, your heart action will be as unstable as though it had been subjected to some violent strain; and your balance will still be as slim as ever.

The matter of a proper diet is one of the primary considerations at every stage. Medical authorities do not like to be positive on any point bearing on the vagaries and vicissitudes of the heart; but drive your own local practitioner into a corner and he will undoubtedly admit that the table knife and fork between them constitute Heart Enemy No. 1. To animate and drive an overweight frame is what takes it out of an otherwise healthy heart. A heavy eater is always headed in some direction but it is never toward the straight and narrow highway of bodily health.

When the first symptoms are felt of a faltering in the clock-like performance which is expected of the human heart, the individual must face this problem of common sense in eating. The good old days when *pic à la mode* could be tucked away on top of a double sirloin are over. The first step is to have a physical ex-



amination to determine how many calories you need to keep your body supplied with energy and to rebuild the tissues. Beyond that total of bare necessity, you must never go. As an evidence of how carefully the diet of the sufferer from cardiac irregularities must be adjusted, a convalescent patient is never allowed more than 1500 calories daily, which is about half the normal allowance for an office worker and barely a third of what a healthy man engaged in physical work requires to keep himself in good trim. This sparse allotment of nourishment is cut in half during

the acute stages of the trouble.

Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood in 1628 but it has only been within the last few years that medical science has so rationalized the problems of the human heart that it is possible to say this: Any person who lives sanely and temperately, who is wise enough to heed the first signs of any degenerative action and is then conscientious in adhering to the medical rules imposed, can count on the possession of a sound heart and all the advantages which go with it for the full span of a normal life.

—THOMAS B. COSTAIN

## BUSY

SACHA GUITRY does not like to waste time attending dinner-parties. A woman admirer was once eager to have the famous author and actor as a guest. "Do come Monday," she urged brightly.

"I am sorry," answered Guityr, "but on that day I must visit my doctor."

"And Tuesday?" she inquired.

"I must visit a sick friend."

"Then surely you must come Wednesday, dear Sacha," said the woman.

"Unfortunately I have arranged to go to the country on that day," said Guityr.

"Thursday, perhaps?" said the baffled but fully determined admirer.

"I have a hunting party then."

"Allow me then to expect you Friday."

"But that is the day we rehearse at the theatre," said the actor.

Desperately the woman asked, "And Saturday?"

"Alas I must go to a wedding," said Guityr.

"Then I shall await you on Sunday," declared the heroically persistent creature.

But Guityr had lost his patience. "On Sunday, *ma chère*," he said, "I must go to my funeral."

—ALBERT ABARBANEL



## UNEXPECTED TOURIST DIVIDENDS

*THERE WAS NOTHING ABSENT-MINDED ABOUT THE  
FOUR PROFESSORS—IN FACT, QUITE THE CONTRARY*



LONG after the details of scenic beauty in foreign lands have been forgotten, the most vivid recollection of a journey invariably turns out to be some kind of personal experience or anecdote which may have served to brighten up the trip. And, while many people have a habit of yawning when others begin to talk of their journeys, a good human interest anecdote will always fall upon receptive ears.

One of the brighter incidents of the season preceding the war comes from a middle-aged Brooklyn professor who decided to spend the greater part of his three-month summer vacation on a tour to some of the more obscure towns of old England with three of his cronies. Upon reaching Plymouth, each of the four contributed \$50, giving them a combined total of \$200 or forty English pounds with which they acquired the ownership of one of those neat little second-hand cars that are so

popular in Europe. After about ten weeks of traveling from one end of England to the other and visiting everything from the grim industrial regions in Lancashire to the quaintly colorful villages in the Cotswalds, it became necessary to think of returning home. When they started to count up their remaining pennies, they made the happy discovery that by avoiding the big hotels and patronizing the smaller and more characteristic inns they had run well below their estimated budget, and even had enough money left over for a brief jump across the Channel and a day or two in Paris. The only fly in the ointment seemed to be the question of what to do with their little car, for it seemed that there was practically no market for second-hand cars in this region and that nobody seemed particularly anxious to take it off their hands on such short notice.

Finally they emerged with a

very philosophic solution of the matter and decided that, as long as the car had performed its duties so nobly during the ten weeks of service, it would be a shame to sell it to a junk dealer for a few measly shillings. On the contrary, each of the four members of the party decided to consider his \$50 investment as railroad expenses and then, at the harbor city, they would just quietly park the car in some obscure street and forget all about it as they stepped aboard the Channel ferry.

Everything went off according to schedule. The car was left somewhere on a dark street; the four companions went off to some Parisian merry-making, caught their westbound liner three days later and were back in town well in time for school opening after a thoroughly enjoyable crossing. In a few days they were back in routine, until one morning the letter carrier brought a registered letter to the professor in whose name the car had originally been recorded over in England. The letter came from the little British port city and contained the following startling news—

"Dear Sir: Upon checking up with the British Automobile Registry Division, we have succeeded in tracing you as the owner of an

automobile which had been parked at the corner of Windsor and Shaftesbury Streets in our city for the past four weeks. Evidently you are not familiar with the automobile regulations in this district, for your car has been charged with no less than three offenses: parking in a restricted zone, parking at night without lights and obstructing traffic in general. As we saw no possible means of collecting the accumulated fine of one pound and ten shillings, we have seen ourselves forced to sell the car at auction and deduct our fine from the receipts. The auction sale brought an offer of fifty pounds, from which we deducted our one pound, ten shillings and another two and one-half pounds service charge and are now enclosing our check for the balance of forty-six pounds payable to your order. We trust this will meet with your satisfaction and beg to remain most respectfully yours, etc., etc."

After a lot of people had poured cold water over the shock-stricken professor, he was able to pay his three traveling companions not only their original \$50 investment in the car, but another six dollars' profit to boot, proving that tourists sometimes do get a break on foreign shores when least expected. —JOHN E. EDLUND

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GASTON

PARIS

## DRONE

MARCH, 1940



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

## GENIUS LOCI

CORONET



AGG  
STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

PRIMAEVAL

MARCH, 1940



NELL DORR

NEW YORK

NARCISSAE

CORONET

58





ANTHONY V. RAGUSIN

BILOXI, MISS.

## VIEUX CARRÉ

MARCH, 1940



RELANO

FROM THREE LIONS

TAKE-OFF

GORONET

60



EUGENE LESSER

NEW YORK

CABALLERITO

MARCH, 1940



HILMAR PABEL

FROM THREE LIONS

INTO THE MOUTHS OF BABES

CORONET



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

## SQUATTERS

MARCH, 1940



STEPHEN DEUTCH

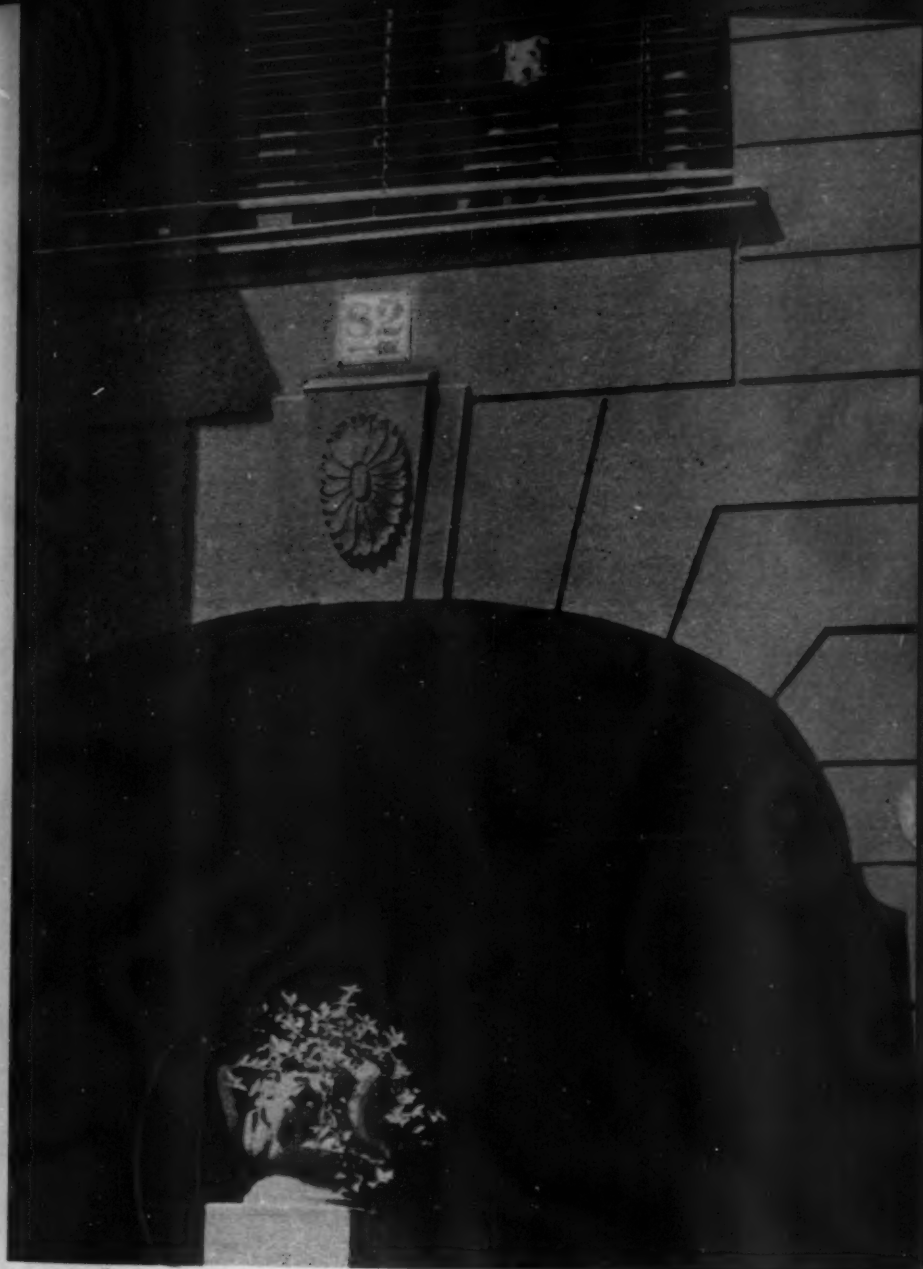
CHICAGO

## BACKSTREET

CORONET

64





SEIDENSTÜCKER

BUDAPEST

# DOG'S DAY

MARCH, 1940



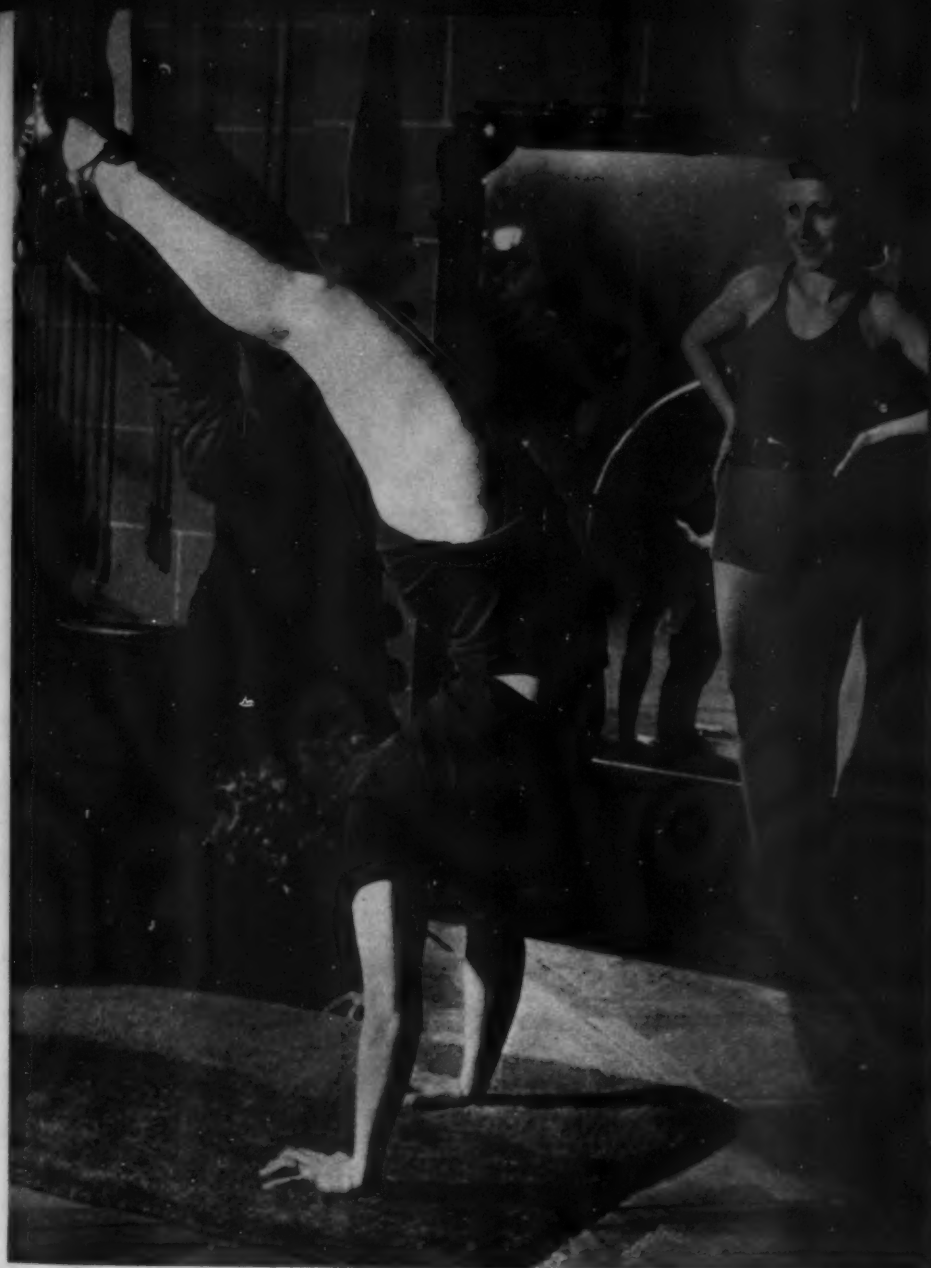
ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

RICOCHETTE

CORONET

66



BRASSAI

PARIS

HEELS OVER HEAD

MARCH, 1940

67



MARIO A. FONTANA

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ANCIENT MARINER

CORONET

68



Y. G. EDWARD DRURY

CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

WIMPLED

MARCH, 1940

69



MELVIN JOHANSEN

OAKLAND, CALIF.

BIRD AGAINST THE SKY

CORONET

70





LY LA TOUR

ALTADENA, CALIF.

THE YEARLING

MARCH, 1940



JENŐ DENKSTEIN

BUDAPEST

# KITTEN ON THE QUI VIVE

CORONET

72



JEAN PAINLEVÉ

PARIS

# SEABISCUIT

MARCH, 1940



ARTHUR ROTHSTEIN

FROM FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

TOBACCO ROAD

CORONET

TION

BRASSAI

PARIS

AQUATINT

MARCH, 1940

75



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

POUPÉES VALSANTES

CORONET

76





ERGÉ

FROM EUROPEAN

CAESURA

MARCH, 1940

77



ANDRÉ DURAND

PARIS

GLADIOLA

CORONET

78



HÉLÈNE DEUTCH

CHICAGO

SURRÉAL

MARCH, 1940

79



JOHN GUTMANN

SAN FRANCISCO

FIGURA

CORONET

80



CO  
DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

ANIMA

MARCH, 1940



KURT LUBINSKI

NEW YORK

THE SILVER CORD

CORONET

82





WALTER S. MARX, JR.

CHICAGO

## WANDERING MIND

MARCH, 1940



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

OFF WITH HIS HEAD

CORONET

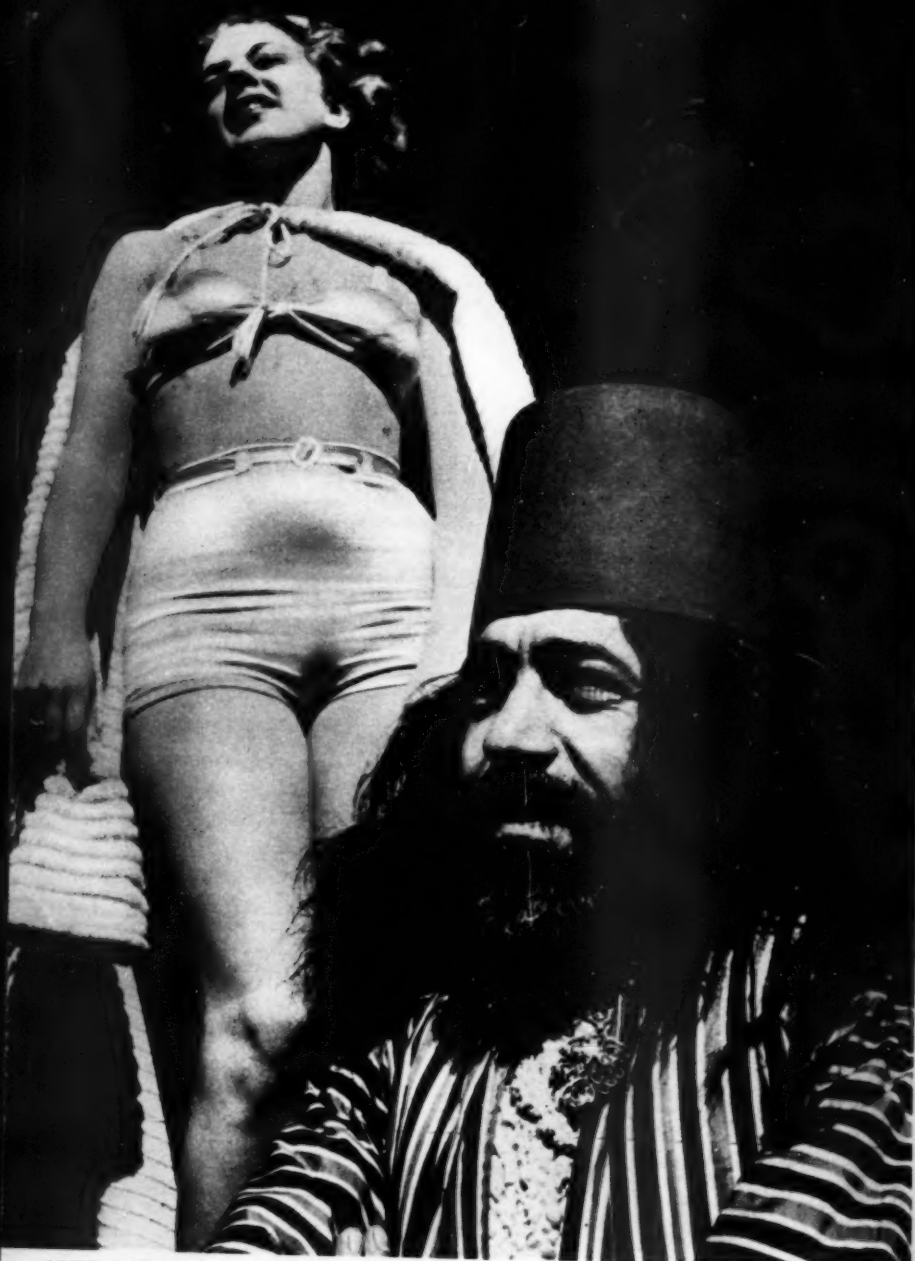


JOHN GUTMANN

SAN FRANCISCO

## DARKTOWN STRUTTERS

MARCH, 1940



JOHN GUTMANN

SAN FRANCISCO

PLAISANCE

CORONET

# SHAW: PROPHET WITH HONOR

HIS WIT IS PECULIARLY HIS OWN, AND YET  
IT BEARS THE HALLMARK OF UNIVERSALITY



HE CLAIMS to abhor America and tweaks her nose annually. But Americans, recognizing him for what he really is in spirit, one whose ancestors simply failed to catch an early boat for the New World, love him dearly. For he has been the toreador to meet the bull singlehanded for half a century. He loves the limelight: one suspects that he invented it. Certainly he carries his own fanfare with him wherever he goes. He is a "mugger," a scene-stealer and the greatest actor of his day. He is living evidence that a writer and prophet can maintain standards, can make a fortune in his art, and still manage to reap a harvest of fun out of life. When he is dead generations of scholars will write tomes to prove that he never existed and was only a humorous folk legend.

★ ★ ★

George Bernard Shaw, *enfant terrible* of post-Victorian letters, was born in Dublin on July 26,

1856. That he really has a birth date comes to one as a shock: he seems so timeless. But one *can* see him sitting up in the cradle twitting his parents on his arrival. Furthermore, he claims to be descended from the MacDuff who killed Macbeth; and also from Oliver Cromwell.

His family, Protestant in Ireland, was conscious of its gentility, for a baronet was related directly; but it was not sufficiently well-to-do to fuss much about it. The father was an unsuccessful wholesale merchant in flour who was given to genteel inebriation; he was also an affable, perhaps even an indulgent, parent. Since the mother, who was vocally gifted, was also good-natured, young Shaw and his two older sisters spent a pleasant childhood. He was called "Sonny."

He grew up to be a shy and sensitive, if loquacious, lad. From his father and from an uncle who was a ship's surgeon he imbibed irrev-

erence for the Sacred Cows and came to regard all subjects with good humor. Nevertheless, his earliest ambition was to be either an opera-singer or an artist.

He hated school and received little formal training. At fifteen he went to work as an office boy in a land office. In four years he worked up to the position of junior clerk. Here he picked up much of that knowledge of business methods and legal abracadabra that was later to make him the bane of publishers' lives.

When he was twenty he left his job and crossed over to London to join his mother and sister; his father was still in Dublin but the Shaw household had divided amicably. He went to work for the telephone company but that post did not last long. Soon, apparently because he could think of nothing else to do, he began to write novels.

Between 1879 and 1883 he completed five books and the publishers, British and American alike, outdid each other in rejecting them. Meanwhile, the Shaws depended on a small stipend from Dublin. Sometime in these years Shaw became an avowed vegetarian; he was already a teetotaler with a wispy red beard.

It was only natural for this volu-

ble young man to enter a debating society. He listened to Henry George and read *Progress and Poverty*. He read Karl Marx. He was inspired by Sidney Webb of the Fabian Society. He became one of the most informed of the Fabians preaching socialism, and for the next twelve years talked at least once a week before an audience. Perhaps he utters every word with a chuckle today because he remembers the futility of preaching in a more serious vein.

He was also writing: letters to the press, five pages a day on those novels, miscellaneous pieces for Annie Besant's periodical, book reviews for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, picture criticisms, music criticisms, a weekly piece on the drama for Frank Harris' *Saturday Review*, and many of the most effective tracts of the Fabian Society. He began to earn a meagre living by his pen.

The translator of Ibsen, William Archer, who more than once helped Shaw to employment, persuaded him to try a play. The collaboration was not successful, but the play was *Widowers' Houses*, rich in preachment against slums and landlords. His next important effort was *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, a joust with the social aspects of prostitution. The censor barred it and a truly public presentation



was not given until thirty years later. Meanwhile, Shaw wrote *Arms and the Man*, a romantic comedy which the British and American publics immediately accepted. "G. B. S." was "made."

*Candida*, one of his greatest dramatic achievements, left his pen in 1894 but was not staged until 1897. He wrote *The Man of Destiny* and *You Never Can Tell* but encountered difficulties over their staging. *The Devil's Disciple*, a play on the American Revolution, was his first big success—and in America at that! In England he was still writing for "little theatre" audiences.

In these years he met Charlotte Frances Payne-Townshend, a wealthy Irish girl who had become a Fabian. Shaw suffered a hurt foot and his friend attended him. The friendship ripened and, in 1898, she married him. Shaw declares that he was ill and on crutches when he was wedded. Since then his wife has been his secretary at times, his critic, often, his companion always; and wisely content to leave the limelight to "The Genius," as she has referred to him.

In London, in 1904, a series of plays which numbered five of Shaw's efforts was presented at the Royal Court Theatre. Eng-

land's upper class was embracing the wit of the radical playwright—if not his ideas. *Man and Superman*, his first philosophical play, was also presented in this memorable season. By the end of 1906 "G. B. S." could truly have said that England had awakened to the Shavian charm.

Once he was established, Shaw turned out numbers of playlets whose sole purpose was to joke or to pull someone's leg. In *Androcles and the Lion*, Shaw shaved the whiskers from the old fable and turned in a delightful two-act play on early Christianity. In *The Doctor's Dilemma*, he pursued medicine with a satirist's broom; in *Getting Married* he went after marriage; in *Fanny's First Play* he gave British respectability a trouncing.

The British public had not yet learned its lesson so Shaw sent *Pygmalion* to the Continent for its first productions. Incidentally, Shaw himself wrote the screenplay for the movie of *Pygmalion*, which was made in 1939, and his scenario was called the best of the year. One wonders how many who saw either the play or the movie realized that Shaw was preaching the breaking-down of the barriers between the classes.

Thirty years after his first play, Shaw wrote *Back to Methuselah*, a

play so rich in provocative thought that he was established not only as a playwright but also as a philosopher.

Then, as though to prove that he could do it, he imposed a rigid discipline on his loquaciousness and on his desire to teach, and composed *Saint Joan*, his greatest play, which was presented in 1924. Here is tragedy on the scale of *Macbeth*, with Joan of Arc so perfectly drawn as to make her one of the greatest dramatic creations in literature.

In 1925 the Nobel Prize was conferred upon him. He accepted the "award" graciously but would not take the prize-money, suggesting that the \$40,000 could be better employed in promoting the literature and art of Sweden and the British Isles.

In 1933, after a quarter-century of razzing America, to the mortification of professional patriots, he at last visited "The Benighted States," touching at both coasts on his way back from a trip around the world. He enjoyed himself

hugely with fierce jokes which outraged those who would not reflect upon what he said. However, giving his only lecture in America at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, he became serious long enough to say that he looked to America to save civilization, a remark that is more pointed today than it seemed when he originally uttered it.

He has had sport; he has made the world laugh; he has also made it think—against its better judgment. By employing not only the stage and the press but also the newsreel, the cinema, the radio and television to put across his thoughts, he has insured posterity against forgetting him. One feels, as Voltaire did about God, that if Shaw had not existed, we should have had to invent him. Perhaps the best line ever said about him, journalist, preacher, humanitarian, philosopher, actor, poet, dramatist, and comedian, is that credited to his wife: "It is very hard to feel quite sure that he is wrong."

—LOUIS ZARA

### MODEST GEORGE

"Boo!" roared a voice from the gallery once when George Bernard Shaw came forward, amid great applause, at the close of one of his

plays, "Boo—." "I agree with you, sir," said the irrepressible G.B.S. "But after all what are we two against so many?"

—LEE BARFIELD

# HARNESS YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR

*IT IS NOT FORCED SYMPATHY BUT NATURAL  
AND GENUINE HUMOR THAT WINS FRIENDS*



**H**ow would you answer the question: "What is the chief quality that makes for social success?"

Influenced by the Dale Carnegie school of thought (after all, the man's guide to the conquest of friendship has sold about two million copies) you might offer briskly: "Why, obvious interest in other people, coupled with a sympathetic manner."

Well, you would be wrong, if the work of certain social psychologists has any validity. I think it has, because these scientists tested people by the case method and not by hunches. Strange as it may seem, they discovered that what makes a person liked is chiefly humor—"natural, unforced humor that expresses itself in exaggeration, in unexpected language, in self-ridicule, and in seeing and pointing out the oddities or incongruities of a situation."

This conclusion was buttressed by the finding that the unsuccessful

or minus-person's main characteristic is the use of humor that is forced, that runs down others, or is generally unpleasant. Thus it appears that humor is not in itself the open-sesame to social success. The wrong kind of humor is as ruinous as the right kind is beneficial.

Who is so fortunate that he has not among his acquaintances a few men and women who are talking themselves out of friendships? Let us look at some blatant but typical cases before going on to the more pleasant business of considering the right approach.

Ralph is a good friend and innately a gentle soul—but only in a tête-à-tête. He has a lot to say that is worth hearing, and he says it naturally. But let a third person happen in and he becomes "social." Some inner determination lights up his face, and I wince, as much for him as for myself.

The winced-for happens. John, the newcomer, says to me, "Didn't

I see you up town the other night?" This is Ralph's cue to pounce: "He was seeing a man about a dog." I ignore this warped side of my Jekyll-Hyde friend and say to John, "I was on my way to the Bromptons'." Ralph: "That's *his* story."

So it goes for half an hour, after which John, who finds Ralph poison, takes himself off. Ralph had blocked every conversational lead with an inanity, and every trite witticism called for a parry in kind. That was Ralph's well-meant way of being social and merry. As soon as John was gone he became his normal, likable self.

My friend Joe Davis belongs in this list of unfunny social wits. He is really a shy man, afraid of people, but those who do not know him well think, and not too kindly, that he's a card. To fortify himself for social life, Joe has made the habit of memorizing jokes in his spare time. No matter what the conversation is, he's there with, "That reminds me—" Of course, the joke he rattles off so glibly has nothing to do with the subject under discussion, and chokes it very effectively.

Now a joke aptly used, a "That reminds me—" that really fits in with the general talk, is spice and seasoning. It may lighten, without

killing, a discussion that has been heavy too long, or it may conceivably clarify some point at issue. But it must be well told—and how many people can tell a joke well? I know stutterers, cart-before-horse (I myself, alas, belong to this school), and never-end jokesters, and they've all taught me one lesson: avoid the ready-made joke.

Sandra belongs to the large and well diversified intellectual type of self-styled humorists. She has looked at Freud, Eugene O'Neill, James Joyce and Karl Marx, and she is ready with all kinds of sly references of whose real meaning you are never quite clear, and very much doubt that she is herself. She likes to shock by using strong quotations, with a demanding eye that insists you appreciate her daring and wit. I have never been able to find out what she is really like, for she is never herself, but my guess is that she's as shy and frightened as my joke-haunted friend Joe Davis.

If all this is bad social humor, what is good humor? That's a hard question, for humor is many things, depending on the variety of associations within each person, and on his ability to play with them. The question, however, can be answered, in part, negatively.

The secret of all unsocial humor is strain. Ralph, Joe, Sandra, and the rest are all acting according to a pattern they have cut out for themselves. They are unnatural, and their real selves are hidden out of shyness, fear of being a dub, or misconception of social behavior. A group is sensitive to discordant feelings, and the discomfort a formula person brings with him is usually felt by all.

The first step in the constructive side of the picture, then, is to be natural. Every person is in his own right an individual with experiences and ideas to impart to others. To see oneself as a unique whole, a unit to which all kinds of interesting things happen that belong to no one else, is sufficient fortification for social life.

The next step is to learn how to tell these interesting happenings. And there's where the real work begins. For social behavior is a matter of language. This, the long factor, is the most important item in success.

Yet we should be astonished at being astonished over this fact. We should have guessed it. Here science confirms common sense. Is it not true that, among the people socially in demand, those whose lives are organized around expression in one form or another are

prominent? I mean authors, writers, editors, actors, professors, politicians, radio people—the Christopher Morleys, Alexander Woollcotts.

It would be silly to pretend that among these journalists and talkers there are not many unpleasant characters, pompous fellows absorbed in themselves, egoists whose wit is never kindly and who have no sense of humor about themselves. But it would be equally silly to contend that their language is less fresh, original and vivid than that of the run of bankers, accountants, clerks, engineers, and housewives.

Well, what is the answer? Must one become an author, an actor, or an editor to meet this qualification of social success? Hardly. An assistant bookkeeper may be excellent company. See that old sentimental classic, *Prue and I*, by George W. Curtis.

Now, I do not mean to suggest that the unsocial comic, or the man who has never tried to be humorous in any way, should at once go out and try deliberately to be funny in some other kind of way. That would be fatal. He'd fall into the same formula pit from which he was trying to escape.

There is, however, something he can do. First of all, he can avoid

being funny altogether. Remember, social psychology says that success comes to those whose natural unforced humor expresses itself in exaggeration, in unexpected language, in self-ridicule, and in seeing and pointing out the oddities or incongruities of a situation. In short, although humor may be funny, humor and funniness are not the same thing.

I know a lawyer named Barnard who is at the top of his profession. He is also an unqualified social success. He fits the psychologists' prescription. Although he can tell a joke well, his forte is the illuminating account of a trivial personal experience.

On his way back from court he stops to watch a man demonstrating a miraculous reducing belt in a drugstore window. Later he tells about it. People do not howl, but they follow absorbedly, and their smiles come from deep down. Some of them remember seeing the same thing. Your author is thinking inside himself how much Barnard saw in this incident that he himself missed in many a similar observation. In passing it on, Barnard has added something to it—his own personality.

Here is the basic law of social success, of being liked, right under our noses. It is the inner some-

thing that stops suddenly and notices, while all around are people who pass it by. This inner urge not only stops and takes note—many others are standing about, watching—it enjoys. It sees something odd, or screwy; something warped, a little off-balance, in the scene.

The people we like are those who experience a thousand and one minor pleasures and excitements in the course of the day's routine. That truism seems to indicate, for anyone who wants to build himself a home course in how to win friends and be liked by people, that the aspirant cannot begin his comeback in the social circle with a ready-made outfit of clever remarks. Being liked begins primarily inside the individual; begins with his finding the world full of fancy, ridiculous, strange, terrible, dramatic, subtle and pathetic scenes, personalities and happenings.

The well-liked person does not keep these locked up in himself. He shares them, the time being ripe and the place apt. It appears from the scientists' formula that his talk is never a buildup for his own ego; on the contrary, he tends to run himself down, to mock himself. He is no boiled owl, no stuffed shirt, no dull thud.



On the topic of social technique, the psychologists mention only one thing: unexpected language. Happy the man with the naturally interesting or illuminating turn of phrase! Can this be learned? I think it can. I am sure that in part it is a by-product of interest in one's own experiences.

On the negative side it can be advanced by fighting rubber stamps of expression—clichés, stereotypes. Attention to good writing helps a lot. I do not mean Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare—although certainly Shakespeare is the all-time high in “unexpected language.” I mean good contemporary writers in the newspapers and magazines: Robert Benchley, Clifton Fadiman, Ludwig Bemelmans, James Thurber, George Jean Nathan, Gilbert Seldes, Elmer Davis.

The writings of William Bolitho are full of it. He likened the Yale-Harvard football match to a tribal dance. He said that the industrial outskirts of Chicago made him think of what the pots and pans in

a pantry might look like to a cockroach. When Tomlinson said about two tropical insects who were about to engage in mortal combat that “Each of them knew something that wasn’t in Plato,” he was using unexpected language at its best and most rememberable.

The point is that the social failure has to go through an inner revolution, a death of the old self and birth of the new. Anything less than that, any learned similes, any memorized conversational strategy, will bring him success only among the poorer and shabbier spirits; that is, among the other social failures.

Good social humor comes out of one's natural self, with simple ease, tuning itself to time and place, lighting but never disrupting the conversation round. If it is hard for a man to be funny, he should take a rest and let others do it for him until, having listened and thought and learned, he feels the urge and knows it to be a thoroughly genuine one.

—ALISON AYLESWORTH

### *BUSIER THAN GOD*

**J**ULIA WARD HOWE once wrote a United States Senator and solicited his interest in a particular individual. The Senator wrote back: “I am so interested in the future of the race

that I have no time for individuals.” Mrs. Howe sent him a brief reply: “When God was last heard from, he had not reached that stage.”

—PAUL B. DAVIS

## FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES

*Once more, as in previous issues, these pages present a few of those dark tales which were easier to forget than explain. No age or country has had a monopoly on such tales. They are the unofficial property—although perhaps rather dubiously appreciated—of the human race.*

**W**AR broke out—and the mummified hawk dripped blood.

Among the dark tales of history, none is stranger.

The hawk was unearthed in 1887 by an expedition in Egypt, and placed in a museum. Its age was estimated at 4000 years. One month before the Boer War, a dark brown substance began slowly to ooze from the bird's mouth. Four weeks before the War ended, the oozing stopped.

A month before the start of the first World War the bloody oozing began again. Four weeks before the Armis-

tice was declared, it stopped again.

The only rational theory—that the oozing substance was some preservative which ran under certain weather conditions—blew up when it was proved that the oozing occurred in all kinds of weather during war, that it did not occur, under any conditions, during peace.

Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts, who examined the hawk, but could find no indication of fraud or error, said the red oozing was an "amazing coincidence"—but he was obviously pulling his punches.

★ ★ ★

**M**OST astronomers have finally agreed that there are canals on Mars, or rather a number of straight lines which the Italian, Schiaparelli, originally called "channels," but which some fuddled translator designated as "canals."

On the original map Schiaparelli drew to show the canals are indicated a large number of points of light arranged in patterns of geometrical figures.

It was suggested they might be gigantic signal letters put there by Martians in the hope that someone

on earth could decipher them.

Later, astronomer Camille Flammarion again suggested the possibility of the lights being signals, and added that Schiaparelli was one of the few who had the opportunity to see Mars in all its detail. From time to time there have been other reports of lights and flashes on the disk of Mars.

However, there has been no more reference to an interplanetary message in gigantic letters, and Schiaparelli's map is relegated to limbo, most astronomers holding to the explanation that he saw "too well."

WILLIAM JAMES once said that there are at least two worlds—ours and another. Sometimes, he thought, the insulation between the two wears thin. Two Dutch scientists once devised a complicated electrical machine which they were convinced had destroyed that insulation.

They were Doctors Matla and van Zelst of The Hague. Their machine was constructed to supply a "key" which could be pressed by ghostly hands, or as they said, by the "x force." Said x force was measured and

found to weight 2.25 oz. It was tested for intelligence and answered questions readily by means of a printing device.

The Dutchmen thought they had at last settled the question of "perchance to dream." But occultists called them too scientific, and the scientists called them the reverse. So instead of being an answer, their work became a question mark—one of the legend of forgotten tales. It all happened just before the armistice which has so recently ended.

★ ★ ★

PERPETUAL motion schemes still crop up occasionally, but at the present state of scientific enlightenment they have three strikes already called on them.

Therefore, the name of Orffyreus, the half-mad inventor of Germany, is seldom mentioned—nor is his wheel. Yet when the tumult and shouting on perpetual motion is reduced to facts, that cloth covered wheel remains the only case which has not been disproven.

Orffyreus—his real name was J.E.E. Bessler—exhibited his fourth and largest wheel at Hesse-Cassel, Germany, in 1717. It was 12 feet in diameter and 14 inches thick, all machinery inside being carefully hidden from view. Started by a slight push, its speed at once increased to 25 r.p.m., which pace it held. When performing work, it slowed down to 20 r.p.m. The wheel ran on simple bearings; elaborate tests eliminated the possibility of an

outside source of power.

The number of famous men of the time who examined the wheel is prodigious. The wheel was even sealed in a room for six weeks. When the room was broken open, the wheel was calmly revolving at its 25 r.p.m.

Orffyreus always claimed that the wheel worked by weights, and the one other man to see the inside of the wheel, the Duke of Hesse-Cassel, also maintained that he saw nothing but complicated weights and levers.

When the huge sum which Orffyreus asked for his secret was slow in coming, he smashed his wheel in a fit of rage. By then insanity was almost upon him. It caught up with him before he could build another wheel.

Fraud cries from every word of the tale. And yet—scientists examined the wheel, scientists of the highest standing, scientists who had blown up a hundred other perpetual motion schemes.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

# GAME OF COLLEGES

YOU MAY HAVE ATTENDED ONE OF THESE SCHOOLS  
BUT CAN YOU COPE WITH THE OTHER FORTY-NINE?



**P**RESENTED here are the names of fifty more or less famous colleges, universities, academies, and institutions of learning. You are asked to designate the location of each school. You have probably heard of all of these educational institutions and should be at least vaguely familiar with the site of most of them. In

order to prod a possibly recalcitrant memory, three locations are given for each of these schools. Name the one that is correct. A score of 50 to 60 graduates you; 60 to 70 earns you a *cum laude* degree; 70 to 80 rates a *magna cum laude*; and 80 or more merits a *summa cum laude*. Answers may be checked on page 137.

1. FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

- (a) New York, N. Y.
- (b) Garden City, N. Y.
- (c) Staten Island, N. Y.

2. CORNELL U.

- (a) New Haven, Conn.
- (b) Ithaca, N. Y.
- (c) Columbus, Ohio

3. TEXAS CHRISTIAN U.

- (a) Austin, Texas
- (b) El Paso, Texas
- (c) Fort Worth, Texas

4. CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

- (a) Emporia, Kansas
- (b) Chicago, Ill.
- (c) Pittsburgh, Pa.

5. BROWN UNIVERSITY

- (a) Storrs, Conn.
- (b) Providence, R. I.
- (c) Minneapolis, Minn.

6. HARVARD U.

- (a) Cambridge, Mass.
- (b) Ashland, Va.
- (c) Torrington, Conn.

7. GEORGE WASHINGTON U.

- (a) Washington, D. C.
- (b) Appleton, Wis.
- (c) Carthage, Ill.

8. RUTGERS U.

- (a) Akron, Ohio
- (b) New Brunswick, N. J.
- (c) Albany, N. Y.

9. DARTMOUTH COLLEGE
  - (a) Helena, Mont.
  - (b) Kalamazoo, Mich.
  - (c) Hanover, N. H.
10. BUCKNELL COLLEGE
  - (a) Moscow, Idaho
  - (b) Tacoma, Wash.
  - (c) Lewisburg, Pa.
11. TEMPLE U.
  - (a) Philadelphia, Pa.
  - (b) Nashville, Tenn.
  - (c) Springfield, Mass.
12. CATHOLIC U.
  - (a) Cleveland, Ohio
  - (b) Washington, D. C.
  - (c) Newark, N. J.
13. TULANE U.
  - (a) Chattanooga, Tenn.
  - (b) New Orleans, La.
  - (c) Omaha, Nebr.
14. PURDUE U.
  - (a) Lafayette, Ind.
  - (b) Boulder, Colo.
  - (c) Cincinnati, Ohio
15. BUENA VISTA COLLEGE
  - (a) Dubuque, Iowa
  - (b) Cedar Rapids, Iowa
  - (c) Storm Lake, Iowa
16. U. OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
  - (a) Los Angeles, Calif.
  - (b) San Diego, Calif.
  - (c) San Francisco, Calif.
17. FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE
  - (a) Beloit, Wis.
  - (b) Buffalo, N. Y.
  - (c) Lancaster, Pa.
18. CENTENARY COLLEGE
  - (a) Peoria, Ill.
  - (b) Shreveport, La.
  - (c) Bennington, Vt.
19. DE PAUL U.
  - (a) Pasadena, Calif.
  - (b) Chicago, Ill.
  - (c) Dayton, Ohio
20. NORTHWESTERN U.
  - (a) Evanston, Ill.
  - (b) Allentown, Pa.
  - (c) Memphis, Tenn.
21. U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY
  - (a) Brooklyn, N. Y.
  - (b) Frederick, Md.
  - (c) West Point, N. Y.
22. DUKE U.
  - (a) Durham, N. C.
  - (b) Abilene, Texas
  - (c) Detroit, Mich.
23. VASSAR COLLEGE
  - (a) Madison, N. J.
  - (b) Reading, Pa.
  - (c) Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
24. THE CITADEL
  - (a) Danville, Ky.
  - (b) Charleston, S. C.
  - (c) Coral Gables, Fla.
25. BAYLOR U.
  - (a) Atlanta, Ga.
  - (b) Waco, Texas
  - (c) Gainesville, Fla.
26. MANHATTAN COLLEGE
  - (a) Manhattan, Kansas
  - (b) St. Paul, Minn.
  - (c) New York, N. Y.
27. HOBART COLLEGE

- (a) Geneva, N. Y.
- (b) Lansing, Mich.
- (c) Scranton, Pa.
- 28. COOPER UNION
  - (a) New York, N. Y.
  - (b) Defiance, Ohio
  - (c) Clemson, S. C.
- 29. JOHNS HOPKINS U.
  - (a) Swarthmore, Pa.
  - (b) Hartford, Conn.
  - (c) Baltimore, Md.
- 30. COLGATE U.
  - (a) Hamilton, N. Y.
  - (b) Syracuse, N. Y.
  - (c) Schenectady, N. Y.
- 31. RICE INSTITUTE
  - (a) Lincoln, Nebr.
  - (b) Houston, Texas
  - (c) Valparaiso, Ind.
- 32. TUFTS
  - (a) Ann Arbor, Mich.
  - (b) St. Louis, Mo.
  - (c) Medford, Mass.
- 33. GONZAGA U.
  - (a) Logan, Utah
  - (b) Spokane, Wash.
  - (c) Berkeley, Calif.
- 34. U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY
  - (a) Annapolis, Md.
  - (b) Lakeland, Fla.
  - (c) Philadelphia, Pa.
- 35. DE PAUW U.
  - (a) St. Joseph, Minn.
  - (b) Greencastle, Ind.
  - (c) Joliet, Ill.
- 36. COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS
  - (a) Terre Haute, Ind.
  - (b) Worcester, Mass.
  - (c) Rock Hill, S. C.
- 37. SOUTHERN METHODIST U.
  - (a) Raleigh, N. C.
  - (b) Rome, Ga.
  - (c) Dallas, Texas
- 38. OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE
  - (a) Los Angeles, Calif.
  - (b) Long Beach, Calif.
  - (c) Oklahoma City, Okla.
- 39. U.S. COAST GUARD ACADEMY
  - (a) Chester, Pa.
  - (b) Manhattanville, N. Y.
  - (c) New London, Conn.
- 40. CANISIUS COLLEGE
  - (a) Buffalo, N. Y.
  - (b) Knoxville, Tenn.
  - (c) Santa Clara, Calif.
- 41. WESTERN RESERVE U.
  - (a) Cleveland, Ohio
  - (b) Reno, Nev.
  - (c) Albuquerque, N. Mex.
- 42. LAFAYETTE COLLEGE
  - (a) So. Orange, N. J.
  - (b) Easton, Pa.
  - (c) Topeka, Kansas
- 43. DUQUESNE U.
  - (a) Latrobe, Pa.
  - (b) Oneonta, N. Y.
  - (c) Pittsburgh, Pa.
- 44. U. OF THE SOUTH
  - (a) Jackson, Miss.
  - (b) Sewanee, Tenn.
  - (c) Columbia, Mo.
- 45. BUTLER U.
  - (a) Oakland, Calif.



- (b) Stockton, Calif.
- (c) Indianapolis, Ind.
- 46. NORTHEASTERN U.
  - (a) Rochester, N. Y.
  - (b) Northfield, Vt.
  - (c) Boston, Mass.
- 47. LEHIGH U.
  - (a) Bethlehem, Pa.
  - (b) Upland, Ind.
  - (c) Collegeville, Minn.
- 48. DRAKE U.
  - (a) Des Moines, Iowa
- (b) Atchison, Kansas
- (c) Seattle, Wash.
- 49. FISK U.
  - (a) Canton, N. Y.
  - (b) Nashville, Tenn.
  - (c) Eugene, Ore.
- 50. BOWDOIN COLLEGE
  - (a) Bloomington, Ill.
  - (b) Trenton, N. J.
  - (c) Brunswick, Maine

—FREDA GREEN

### BOOMERANG

FROM Chinese circles comes a story which they cannot resist telling as a good joke on themselves. Obviously a fabrication, as the Japanese military have never been accused of "extorting" money from conquered villages in Hopei or anywhere else, nevertheless it makes a good yarn which both sides can appreciate—with equal enjoyment.

After completing mopping up operations in a certain city in southern Hopei, the Japanese military asked the local bourgeois for \$60,000. At first the elders insisted that this was impossible as floods had ruined their last crop and the ravages of war and banditry had fleeced them of even the necessities of life.

However, upon being compelled to adhere to the request, they conceived an ingenious plan. The city fathers went among the merchants and gathered up all the old, worthless currency

upon which they could lay hands. Defunct bank notes, bills from other provinces not negotiable in Hopei and quantities of local money long since out of use.

Loud chuckles went circulating up wide and roomy sleeves when the people of the city heard what their elders had done.

The following morning several hundred Nipponese soldiers flooded the shops and began to make generous purchases. Prices soared—business roared.

But when the boys from the Island Empire presented the defunct bank notes, the hearty chuckles ceased abruptly. Swallowing their discomfiture and scowling with indignation, the unfortunate merchants were obliged to receive back their own worthless money, originally given with such glee, as payment for their goods!

—GEOFFREY W. ROYALL

# ABOUT MANUEL TOLEGIAN

HE HAS TRAVELED FAR IN SEARCH OF AMERICA  
AND IS BUSILY TRANSFERRING IT TO CANVAS



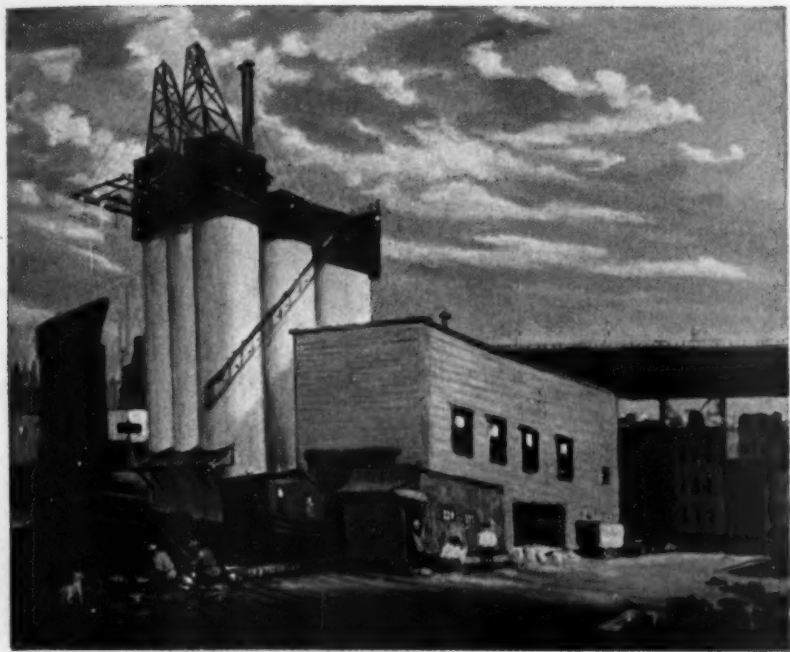
THE two names of which Armenians in America are most proud are Saroyan and Tolegian. They exemplify the potentialities of their people in activities other than rug-dealing, unskilled factory labor and farm drudgery. Saroyan is a writer known chiefly for his strong personal, if not eccentric, note in fiction and the drama. Manuel Tolegian is a painter whose fine work has pushed his name into recognition far beyond the parochial limits of Armenia-in-America. But Manuel, the painter, insists that the Tolegian whose name means most to the people from whom they come is his brother Aram, who teaches poetry at the University of California.

There is a positive, likable quality about Manuel which immediately predisposes one in his favor. He is young, jovial, curious, bright-eyed, extrovert and exploring. He is full of laughter and sympathy. He likes to make music

and to be present at the festivities. He seems to have all the delightful qualities of the young. He has a consuming curiosity about this world in which we live.

He has crossed this country almost twenty times. On many of these trips Saroyan has been his companion. They complement each other. They have projected various schemes together. With Saroyan he shares a consuming interest in people, people common and uncommon, orthodox and unorthodox.

The Tolegians came from Angora, Turkey, in 1900, and settled in Fresno, California. The painter is proud of his father, who was a leader in more than one sense among the immigrants; as architect and builder he was one of the originators of the house-barn combination which was accepted throughout the San Joaquin Valley among Armenian farmers as a partial solution of their economic difficulties. He was



ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, NEW YORK

## SUNDAY MORNING

also a poet in his native tongue, leaving several volumes behind him, and was active in the organization of Armenian communities for economic and cultural betterment. In 1911 Manuel was born and several years afterwards cemented his friendship with the slightly older Saroyan. They went to school together, but around 1923 there was a slight separation, the Tolegian clan then moving to Boston. However, they returned to

the West shortly afterwards, this time to Los Angeles, where Manuel resumed his schooling.

It was in high school at the latter city that Tolegian's art studies had their official commencement. He seems to have been generally encouraged and at the age of fifteen he began attacking his first medium, engraving on wood. At his graduation he recompensed the school for its diploma by presenting it with an album of 115 wood



### POST HURRICANE

engravings descriptive of local scenes. He subsequently studied for a while at the University of California and in 1929, at the age of eighteen, left for New York, where he has lived ever since—except for brief excursions and lengthy sojourns through other parts of the country.

His first four New York years he spent at the Art Students' League learning about the practice of art from such veterans as

John Sloan, John Curry, George Grosz and Thomas Benton. All gave him something but Benton gave him most. Tolegian's early work is streaked with Bentonian influence, but now it is perfectly easy to tell a Tolegian from a Benton. From all of his teachers, even probably from Grosz, Tolegian learned about the importance of the American scene, in both its human and landscape aspects. It was from Benton also that he



#### AFTER SCHOOL AT TONY'S

learned about painting with egg tempera on gesso panels; and although he has consistently used this medium, he has learned to enrich his pictures by finishing them with oil glazes, thereby achieving depth.

Although Tolegian expresses fully the play instincts derived from an older civilization, he can be, and is, a desperately hard worker. His art is no avocation, but a full-time job. He is constantly making

sketches, whether at home on the streets in New York, or visiting his people in California, or while traveling in search of America.

One can see that a painting like *After School at Tony's* wasn't dashed off in a brief frenzy. Details are not left to accidental solutions. Each of his paintings is built upon the unseen scaffoldings of dozens of sketches. The centering of light upon the gambling boys, and the quality of that light, have been



### SUNDAY ON THE FARM

carefully worked out, and there is method and hard labor in the way in which the artist has given secondary billing, so to speak, to the indifferent man reading the paper.

Tolegian is constantly meeting challenges. His first love is landscape; he does that most easily. But the world is inhabited, and for the past years, Tolegian has

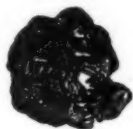
been fighting the figure, struggling to set human beings into the frames of their activities in the open air and indoors.

He is an omnivorous reader of newspapers and knows more about the personalities and the activities of our national legislators than most artists. He calls politics his hobby. —HARRY SALPETER



## LET'S GET GOING

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT OUR BOTTLED  
FOOD INDUSTRY IS MAKING SISSIES OF US



"I DON'T like to make trouble, but I'm calling you employees together this morning to tell you that unless there's a big improvement in your work there'll have to be a good many turnovers in personnel here. To be blunt, this company has been receiving an ever-increasing number of protests from American housewives during the past year, and the general tone of them is that the Acme Bottled Foods Company seems to have dedicated itself to the systematic insulting of American womanhood.

"For instance I have here a letter from a woman in Akron, Ohio, who wants to know if we think she is a six-month-old baby. 'I bought a jar of your olives the other day, and when I gave it to my husband, he succeeded in getting the top off inside of half an hour. And he didn't even have to put it in a vise. He just used an ordinary Stillson wrench. Think we're milksops?'

"Yes, and there have been plenty

more letters of that general tenor. This company is getting a reputation for turning out foodstuffs that are packed in an inexcusably slipshod manner. You fellows ought to know our standards by now. Every jar of foodstuffs should pass the gorilla test. If the gorillas we maintain here for testing can get the top off any jar, that jar is out. How about that, Ryan? Have you been okaying jars that haven't passed that test? . . . No? Well then you'd better call a veterinary in and make sure our gorillas are in good health. Some of them must be losing their grip. And I want a thorough check-up on the cement we're using.

"All right now, men, I'm warning you. Acme can't let competitors get ahead of it. When we put a top on a jar, we want it to stay. Why, the next thing you know we'll be hearing that housewives can get our tops off with their bare hands. And then where will we be?" —PARKE CUMMINGS

## A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

### NELLIE TAYLOE ROSS

**A**LTHOUGH she makes more money than anybody else in America, she keeps little of it for herself. Perforce. She is director of the United States Mint. Nellie Tayloe Ross has custody of 14 billions in gold, and fabulous stocks of silver, most of which are in the vast depositories at Fort Knox and West Point, guarded by sensitive electrical systems ready to create double bedlam at the approach of so much as a dishonorable thought. Mrs. Ross knows metallurgy and coinage processes, supervises mints at Philadelphia, Denver and San Francisco, and has under her jurisdiction gold importing and assay offices in New York, New Orleans and Seattle. She was appointed to her office in 1933 by President Roosevelt. The only woman director of the mint so far, Mrs. Ross has another conspicuous first to her credit: she was the first woman to govern a state, having been elected to succeed her husband as governor of Wyoming in 1925, after his death. Before coming into the political circle she was a writer and lecturer. She has two sons. A yearning for an approximation of the yawning spaces of Wyoming, where she grew up, prompted her to buy a farm near Prince Frederick, Maryland, where she raises Poland China hogs, handsome vegetables and tobacco.



BACHRACH

*NELLIE TAYLOE ROSS*

MARCH, 1940



FRED H. POWERS

### AL SIGL

**WHOSE LISTENERS GIVE BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS AND ADOPT BABIES**

**R**OCHESTER, New York, has a Good Samaritan in Al Sigl, who shuttles between rival Columbia and NBC studios to make three daily broadcasts that combine news with his own local social service. He founded the Blood Donors League, now national and sponsored by NBC, whose members give blood for emergency and charity transfusions. With 121 wheelchairs received from listeners,

Sigl formed a "Wheelchair Brigade" to circulate the rolling stock among needy invalids. Requesting books for an Indian reservation, he was showered with 15,000 volumes, enough to form two reservation libraries. A flock of runaway youngsters have gone back to anxious parents after hearing entreaties relayed by Sigl, and he is credited with having found homes for a sizable batch of homeless infants.



GUSTAVUS WYHNE COOK

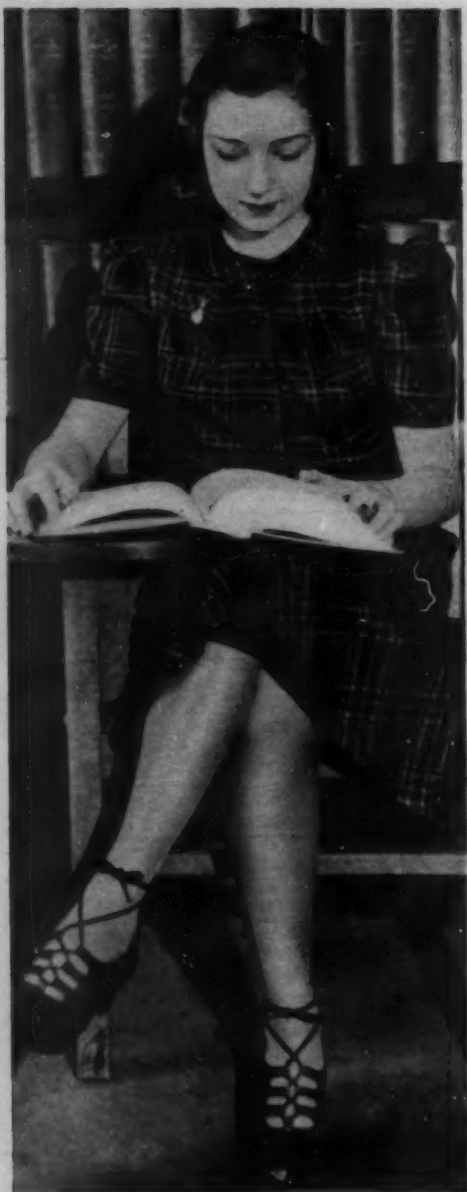
## TE ATA

*WHO ENTERTAINS PRESIDENTS AND KINGS WITH HER INDIAN LORE*

A CHICKASAW princess from Oklahoma, Te Ata, which means "Bearer of the Morning," makes a serious study of interpreting Indian folklore and music by giving programs of stories, dances and songs. She visits Indian centers in North and South America to study the culture of her people: she collects legends, dance movements, makes records of tale-telling facial expressions and tones of

voice used by widely separated tribes. On the eleventh Sun of the Wild Rose Moon, she helped President and Mrs. Roosevelt, at their Hyde Park pow wow, entertain the English King and Queen. Te Ata lives in New York when not on a collecting or performing expedition. She is the wife of Dr. Clyde Fisher, Curator-in-Chief of Hayden Planetarium, refers to their Manhattan apartment as "The Tipi."

MARCH, 1940



SMITH

## LUCY NIELSEN

*WHO KEEPS HERSELF  
BUSY STAKING OUT  
HER CLAIMS TO FAME*

A YOUNG prodigy could scarcely be busier than fifteen-year-old Lucy Nielsen. A violin virtuoso, she jogged critics when she made her debut several years ago as guest soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. She has since given concerts of her own and is willing to play at any musical event for which she has time. A second-year student at the University of Chicago, the tall, blue-eyed girl is enrolled for the study of medicine and is taking extra courses beside her three-hour daily violin and piano studies. Lucy has gathered one of the biggest and nicest collections of arachnids in the country, some of them quite rare. They crouch in glass vials. To show that she likes them, Lucy wears a gold spider as a pin. An enthusiastic astronomer, she made her own telescope, grinding and polishing a lens by hand. A machine-ground glass would, she says, be inferior and would have cost \$500. Girl-Scouting occupies her spare time.



## PAUL DONEHOO

*WHO, THOUGH BLIND,  
IS ATLANTA'S KEENLY  
PERCEPTIVE CORONER*

**A**LTHOUGH America's only blind coroner, Paul Donehoo of Atlanta, cannot see expressions on the faces of the accused, he makes shrewd deductions from tones of voice, mannerisms and attitudes. Blind since he was five, an after-effect of meningitis, he can visualize only three things: a tree, clouds, and the color red. Yet he travels all over Atlanta without an escort, aided by an uncanny perception of distances and a highly developed sense of direction. He has served successfully as coroner for 31 years. Popular and friendly, Donehoo is a lawyer, an accomplished musician, a delightful raconteur and amateur magician, a champion chess player and an accurate typist. He dials a telephone, and can call a number after merely hearing it dialed once. A fervent baseball fan, he enjoys the game from reactions of the crowd, comments of cronies, crack of the bat when it hits the ball and a sixth sense—a seeming ability to hear solids.



MARCH, 1940



DON ROBERTS

## SUSAN MYRICK

WHO WAGED A VERY CIVIL WAR IN HOLLYWOOD FOR THE SOUTH

A GOOD many Southerners sat down with laps full of scallions to view *Gone with the Wind*. That they remained to approve is partly attributable to Susan Myrick. She is the Georgia newspaperwoman who coached players in the ways of the Old South. Old Southerners had been irritably certain it couldn't be done successfully. Miss Myrick was made technical director of the film because

of her knowledge of the history, customs and plantation life of the locale. She spied out anachronisms (some of the complications were colossal) and acted as encyclopedia and authority on every matter. Above you see her tutoring Olivia de Havilland and Vivien Leigh in the niceties of Southern speech. Maconians formed a cheering section for their townswoman, "The Susan Myrick Memorial Association."

# THEY AREN'T SPOOFING

*Many a Jest Is Said in Earnest*

IN A RECENT issue of the *Japan Times Weekly* appeared this editorial item: "We don't know how the song *Happy Days Are Here Again* sounds in Chinese, but the Chinese certainly must be singing it now, with peace and new life at their doorstep."

THE student paper of the San Francisco State College has inaugurated a new campaign. It wants new and better jails. The present supply will not be enough for the conscientious objectors among college students, explain the promoters of the movement, if war comes.

WHEN Harmon Reader, deaf cobbler of Tahlequah, Oklahoma, was struck by a train, he took his pen in hand. "I didn't think a train ran at that time of night," he wrote to the locomotive engineer. "I want to apologize for being on the track."

DESPITE the heavy dosage of lectures on social and economic conditions prescribed these days for high school students, many of this group fail to grasp the meaning of even the most familiar terms. Among many instances of such misunderstandings, collected by Dr. Robert K. Speer of New York University, are these: Open shop means that the door

is open for business. . . . An industrial revolution is a strike. . . . Large scale production means making scales in large quantities.

AIMING to give their releases an up-to-the-last-minute impression, motion picture publicity bureaus occasionally evoke comparisons that are not so happy. "Motion-picture production work has its 'zero hour,'" a squib from Columbia Pictures dramatically informs us, "that in many respects is like that soldiers must meet in the trenches."

BY LOWERING the legal taxi rates, Zigmund Ostaski, proprietor of a Pittsfield, Massachusetts, taxi company, advised the City Council, more business would be promoted. "How can welfare people and WPA workers, earning only \$12 a week, pay the prices we have to charge now?" he wrote.

WHEN Dr. R. Birch Hoyle of London, while visiting at Bedford, Pennsylvania, was invited to a corn roast and saw his fellow guests nibbling at corn on the cob in the approved direct-action fashion, he was surprised. "The people of America," he commented, "surely play funny games."

—ZETA ROTHSCHILD

**H**IGH-RANKING in the roll-call of New York's industrial designers is a six-foot Dane with the voice of a Viking. Gustav Jensen is an artist, whether he is talking, eating, or performing Herculean labors in cleaning out the Plebeian Stables. The creed of the industrial designer is that every implement of modern life can be made into a work of art. Jensen has pursued this creed to fabulous extremes. He has designed kitchen sinks that have been exhibited in museums; his hot water boilers have been compared to Renaissance caskets, and he meditates for months before he designs a doorknob. Pure functionalists among the industrial designers don't give him the full stamp of approval; he has an unfortunate love for the classical, they say. Sometimes he crowns a perfect collaboration of simple lines with a strange, flowerlike curlicue that is his hallmark. But he never loses his profound simplicity, and there lies the keynote of his classicism, whether the "pure" functionalists approve or not. He is obsessed with the art of China, India, and Greece, but he is a strict modernist. These mixed strains in him have produced some of the most striking work being done in America today. On the following pages are samples of the improvements Jensen has wrought in a world that little heeded the handiwork of industrial designers until a few years ago.



*A GROUP OF DESIGNS  
BY GUSTAV JENSEN*

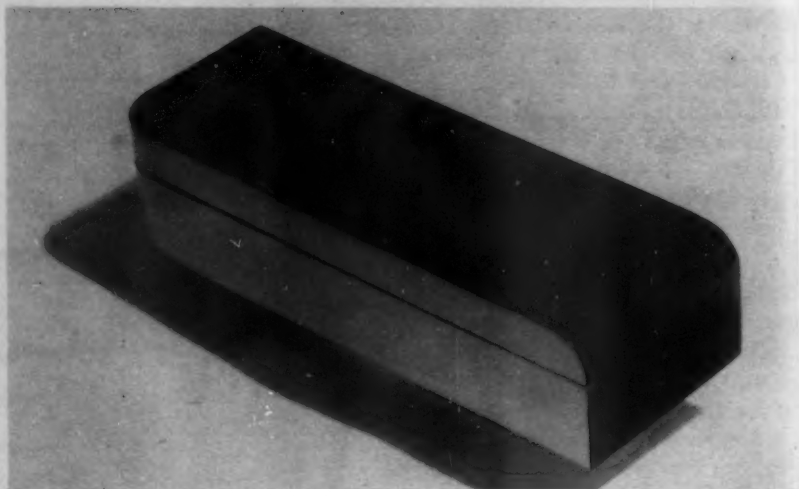
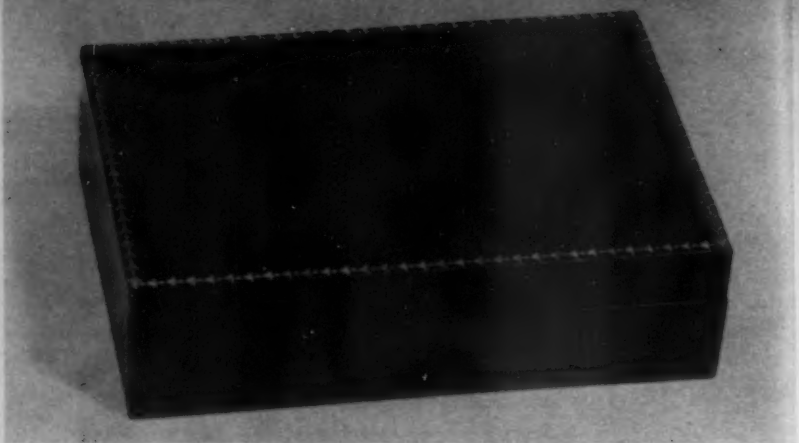


DIBRAELI

Some day, when the unseen millions of the radio audience come to realize that the radio in the upper picture has no relationship in form to the sounds that come out of it, we may see our homes graced by the radio in the picture below. This is Gustav Jensen's radio. In Jensen's own words: "Radio is a miracle. It should look like a miracle." To obtain his effect he has used a simple sphere to house the main mechanism of the machine. The upper half of the sphere has been sliced into the form you see here. From the openwork of this upper half comes the voice of the radio, as well as a changing, convoluting light. The base of this radio, the disc, is the tuning dial.



GERLACH

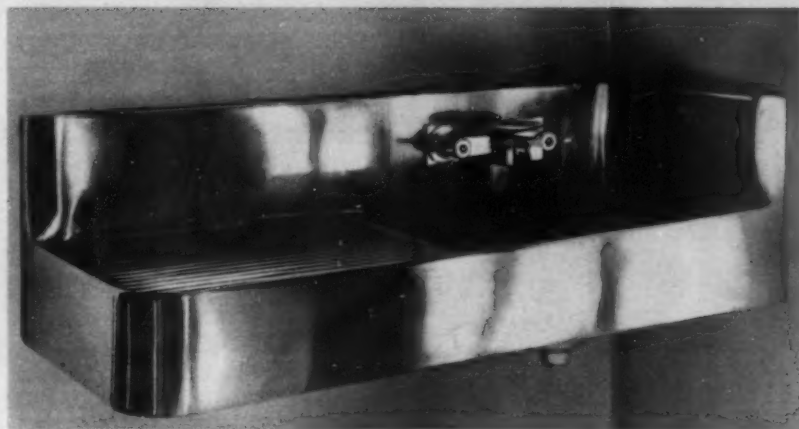


DIBRAELI

The lowly box form is one of the designer's most complicated problems. At the top is the form with which we are most familiar. Below is the most celebrated of Jensen designs, a box with two of its square corners rounded off. This seemingly simple accomplishment created a revolution in industrial design. It is certainly the most

popular shape ever devised for the small radio. It has been successfully applied to clocks, furniture, buildings, ice-boxes, cabinets, packages—in fact, to everything which takes a square or rectangular shape. Its main purpose in terms of line is this: its line runs all around the shape and is not abruptly broken off at the corners.

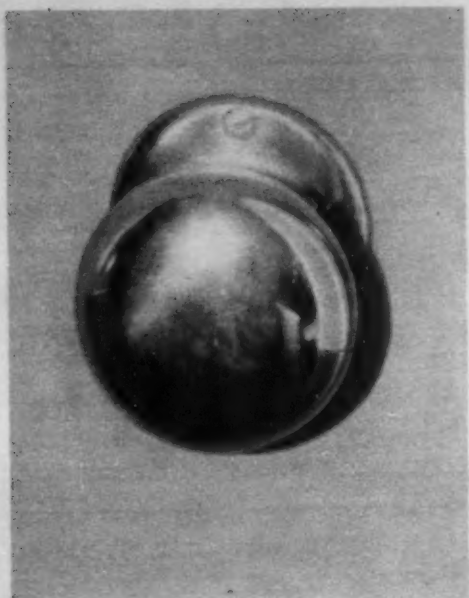




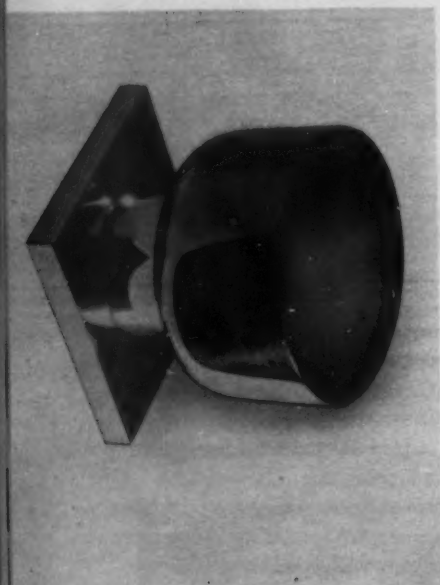
GERLACH

Art in the kitchen, says the industrial designer, could be an immense power for good. Our esthetics, as well as our gastronomy, would be vastly improved if housewives worked in the right surroundings. At top is the sort of sink that most housewives have to contend with. Below is the job that Jensen performed for International Nickel Com-

pany. It is made of Monel Metal and represented a brand new form when Jensen created it, though since copied in countless versions. Simplicity is its main objective, attained through a constantly flowing line. The same straight and curved lines are found on the large areas as are found on the more concentrated mechanism of the faucets.



DIBRAELI



BEHNQUIST

Not even the doorknob has escaped the crusading eye of the designer. He finds that the most ordinary taken-for-granted objects present him with the most perplexing problems. The average doorknob (above) has presented a perpetual challenge to the trade. Below is Jensen's solution of the problem. Though it boasts such a modern appearance, it is actually a reversion to first principles—the combination of line and curve. Notice how well the two balance each other here. This doorknob presents a more comfortable grip to the fist than the other knob. Though it appears almost flat here, the top surface of the Jensen knob is actually convex, integrating handsomely with the rest of the curved surfaces.

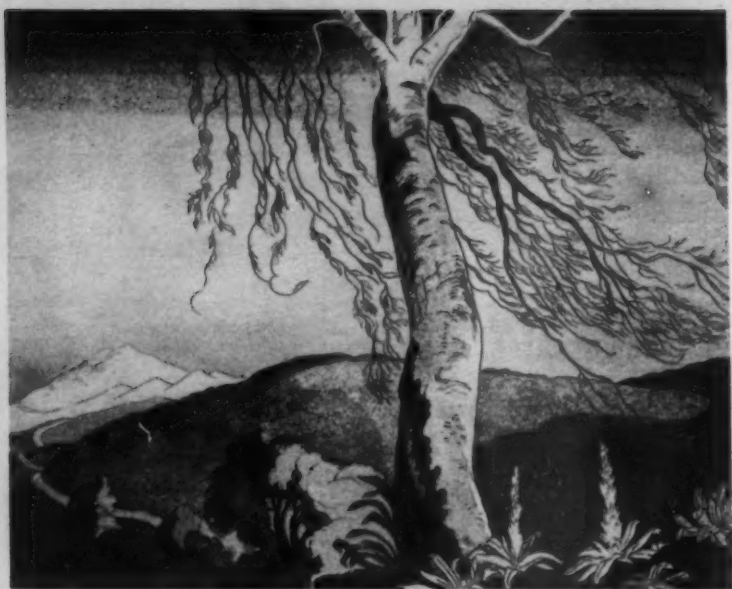


DIBRAELI

Milady's hand mirror is one of the most ancient forms of art. In the upper photo you see how the silversmiths of the turn of this century gratified the female's desire to look at herself. Below you find not an ancient Greek form but a modern Jensen design. He has applied here the same principles applied to the doorknob—the delicate balance between square and circle. It has been said that this mirror might be two thousand years old, it might be the work of a designer yet unborn. That is another way of saying that there were industrial designers in Grecian days who knew that the square and the circle are the alpha and omega of all design. They made the same sophisticated use of the two basic elements in their day.



DIBRAELI



George J. Mace

## *THE QUEEN OF THE IVORY TOWER*

Over her head the mountain, under her feet the moon  
Rising above the valley, risen to set too soon;  
Her hair upon the pillow, yellow as any flower,  
She sleeps, the queen enchanted, safe in her ivory tower.

The birds fly round her window; the birds fly in her room;  
The jeweled lamps are lighted, and sway in the golden gloom;  
The fields of snow swell gently on the virgin breast of the hill:  
In the long night of winter the land is hushed and still.

She moves and her lips murmur; she sighs and her lids close.  
Faint in the wan cheek trembles the fairest tint of rose.  
The birds peer from their branches; the boldest of them chide;  
But on she sleeps unheeding, the pale unravished bride.

Out of the night the cloud, and out of the cloud the rain;  
The deepest snow will vanish before she wakes again.  
The bud is on the bough, and the blossom on the tree,  
But only the flowers fadeless her fast-closed eyes will see.

Long though the sun is risen, and long the day is come,  
She lies with eyes unseeing, unhearing ears and dumb;  
The ivory walls are shattered, set wide the gates of brass;  
The sun beats strong upon her, the warm leaf-shadows pass  
Over her limbs unfettered, over her fair young face,  
As they come to lift her up, and carry her to her place.

—GEORGE SLOCOMBE

# THE CONVENIENT RASCAL

*SIMON GIRTY STILL LURKS, BLACKENED BEYOND  
RECOGNITION, IN THE PAGES OF DIME NOVELS*



IF THE gloom of the wilderness distorted the figures of the frontier heroes it drew hideous caricatures of the villains who lived in the woodlands. It dyed the wretches deepest black and made them veritable blood-thirsty Satans. The basest deeds were often willy-nilly, laid at their doors and the softest words uttered about many of them were careless slanders. Simon Girty, contemporary of Boone, Clark and Kenton, called "the white renegade" by his gentler critics, was one villain whose name allegedly made frontier mothers pale and look to their children, and frontier fathers grow cold with rage and leap for their rifles.

Cases have been made out for Benedict Arnold, the brilliant traitor, for Aaron Burr, the clever manipulator, and even for miscellaneous bunglers and fools. But for Girty, the savage, the dastard, the fiend, few have dared to speak a favorable or kind word.

Simon Girty was of Irish-English descent. He was born in 1741 at Chamber's Mill, five miles above the present site of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; in those days the very edge of the frontier. The real settlements were farther east; the Indian villages began in the near west; here was the region from which the redmen had but lately removed and to which they still made frequent visits. Here young Simon Girty grew up.

Simon's father was a trader and pack-horse-driver with an amazing capacity for liquor. One day in December, 1751, when he and several of his white and red cronies were in their cups, a drunken Indian knocked his head in with a tomahawk. The elder Girty's friend, John Turner, who was present and no doubt was equally intoxicated, took revenge by knocking in the Indian's head. Furthermore, he married his friend's widow and so became stepfather to Girty's four sons,



Thomas, Simon, George and James.

When young Simon was fourteen his stepfather moved the family across the river, the Penns having by this time purchased the land from the Indians, and settled down on the tract which old Girty himself had cleared six years before. However, General Braddock was defeated that summer and, since the frontier was left defenseless, the French and Indians poured across the mountains and preyed upon the settlements. Turner and his family had to take refuge at Fort Granville.

When that post was surrounded by the enemy and resistance no longer seemed practical Fort Granville surrendered, exacting from the enemy a promise of quarter. But the prisoners were marched to Kittanning, an Indian town on the Allegheny River, and there many were massacred. The fifteen-year-old Simon witnessed his stepfather being tortured at the stake and then tomahawked.

The prisoners who had not been marked for death were divided among the allied tribes. Thomas escaped and got to Fort Pitt in safety, but James was given to the Shawnees, George, their mother and an infant half-brother were given to the Delawares, and Si-

mon to the Senecas. Inasmuch as the Senecas were a comparatively enlightened Iroquois tribe, Simon was reckoned fortunate to have been allotted to them.

The Senecas adopted the youth and he came to live the life of any Indian boy. He learned their language and their customs, absorbed their woodcraft and, since once adopted he was treated kindly, accepted completely their rugged culture.

★ ★ ★

The history of the American frontier is rich in tales of captivities. In many instances we have the spectacle of white men and women being offered their freedom after a number of years of captivity and refusing to leave their Indian hosts, or at least leaving with genuine reluctance. For three years Simon Girty was an adopted son of the Senecas. Then in 1758, when General Forbes took Fort Duquesne and the Indians sued for peace, the return of all their white captives was stipulated. So the next year his foster-people sent Simon home. When he arrived at Fort Duquesne, now become Fort Pitt, he was reunited with his brothers and his mother, who had also been released by their captors.

The Girtys now made an at-

tempt to reestablish themselves on the white man's frontier. Simon and James became interpreters, for they were well-liked by the tribes and had some influence with them. Simon's experience among the tribes made him invaluable as a scout during Lord Dunmore's War, and in 1774 he was serving under Simon Kenton. Now between the two men there flowered a friendship that one day would cause Girty the renegade to save Kenton's life. Meantime, as the war continued, Girty was promoted to a second-lieutenancy in Lord Dunmore's militia.

In the next few years Girty continued as an interpreter and made a number of journeys into the Ohio country. When the Revolution broke out he was associated with Alexander McKee, the deputy agent for Indian Affairs under the Crown. Because of this association the rebelling colonists accused him of disloyalty to their cause. Together with McKee he was jailed, but on trial was acquitted.

In 1777 Girty was working ardently to recruit for the colonies. He expected to receive a captaincy for his labors but did not get it, apparently still under suspicion. In March of the next year Girty, McKee and several others, who

had been similarly disappointed, left Pittsburgh for Detroit and there offered their services to the British General Henry Hamilton, the lieutenant-governor of Canada. It is futile to speculate what good work Girty might have done for the Revolutionary cause had he received the captaincy he so ardently desired. Apparently upon such turns of the wheel are the loyalties of men determined.

★ ★ ★

Professional shudderers have pictured Girty as the conscienceless leader of a large band of raiders. In their eagerness to make him out a depraved rascal they have hinted darkly at vile and evil deeds and, at least for the casual reader of history, have shaped him as an American Attila. But all that is romanticism.

First, Girty stands out as a traitor because his desertion made him somewhat a unique figure on the frontier; the majority of western backwoodsmen fought against the Crown. Perhaps if Girty had had a landed interest he, too, would have hesitated before leaving the colonists' camp.

Second, it can hardly be said that he turned on "his own blood" except as the bitterness of internecine warfare may have made him no more merciful than those

who opposed him; certainly he remained loyal to the British. Third, he was an interpreter and a paid agitator among the tribes and, despite his familiarity with Indian customs, it is to be doubted whether he could have at any time assumed the leadership of a band of braves. The Indians simply were not so gullible, nor did they admire the palefaces to such an extent, that they would willingly have risen to follow a "white renegade." Nevertheless, Girty was no doubt a vengeful foe, increasingly, as the years passed, full of bitterness toward the Americans.

Girty was with the Mingo Indians in the fall of 1778 when a prisoner was brought in. Inasmuch as it was his task to secure information on the strength of the frontier stations in Kentucky he proceeded to question the captive. To his amazement he discovered that the man was Simon Kenton, then known on the border as Samuel Butler, an old friend under whom he had served in Lord Dunmore's War. The scout had been condemned to die. But now Girty addressed the Indian council, made an impassioned plea for Kenton's life, and succeeded in saving his friend from the stake.

When some time later another council decided to burn the

prisoner, Girty realized that he could not hope to win a second reprieve but cunningly suggested that the prisoner be paraded through the other towns in the region and, particularly, that he be taken to the town where Chief Logan resided, knowing very well Logan's reputation for clemency to prisoners. His proposal was accepted and, as Girty had surmised, it was Logan who saved Kenton's life the next time.

But the renegade continued to stir up the tribes against the Americans, a task that was not altogether difficult because the white bordermen hated Indians indiscriminately and committed such crimes against the "friendlies" that the "hostiles" were never slow to take to the warpath in revenge. His activities against Fort Laurens, his participation in the attack on David Rogers' party in October, 1779, his presence at the attack on Ruddle's Station, which ended in a massacre after Ruddle had surrendered, blackened Girty's already dark-stained name. Pennsylvania had a standing offer of \$800 for his head.

But the villain would not stay villain. For in the midst of it all he seems to have paused long enough to save the life of a youth named Henry Baker, who had

been captured by the Indians and doomed to die. However, in June, 1782, occurred the Crawford episode. Colonel Crawford and a small party, detached from the main body of a large force of American soldiers, were captured. Only recently Colonel Brodhead had burned Coshocton and murdered the Indians there: Crawford's captors were determined to take a cruel revenge.

In the midst of the hellish tortures inflicted on him, Crawford asked for Girty. By one account Girty not only made no attempt to save him but is supposed to have stood by and laughed fiendishly while Crawford was cruelly mutilated and finally burned to death. But it is doubtful whether Girty could, by any pleas, have saved the life of so important a prisoner. Girty may have been present at the horrible spectacle but that he, who saved the lives of Kenton and of other Indian prisoners, should have relished it seems more romanticism.

When the Revolutionary War was over Girty married a young white girl who had been adopted by Delawares and, retiring on half-pay from the British government, settled down on the Canadian side of the Detroit River. But his infamy seemed to increase

with the years. Of course, he still continued to agitate among the Indian tribes. In 1786 he attended the meeting at Niagara when Sir John Johnson and Brant, the Mohawk chief, talked of a great confederacy against the Americans.

By this time Girty was a man of reputation among the tribes who favored the British. In the next decades of border warfare he is again charged with having led bands of merciless raiders. At Dunlap's Station he was allegedly present when a white prisoner was burned in view of the stockades. Then he was with the Wyandottes when the Indians attacked and nearly wiped out General Arthur St. Clair and his command, a defeat almost as disastrous as Braddock's.

In midwinter, 1818, Girty took a fever and shortly thereafter, on February 18, died in his seventy-seventh year. It would be interesting to know how many blood-curdling dime novels old Girty inspired. For the writers of melodrama accepted him and to this day — in their works — Simon Girty skulks, scalping-knife between his teeth, a pack of blood-thirsty savages on his leash, ready to pounce upon helpless settlers.

—PHILIP PAUL DANIELS

# THE SERPENT IN THE CORN

THE BIRD FLUTTERED MID-AIR, BETWEEN THE SNAKE  
AND THE NEST, AND VOICED HER CRY OF ALARM



THE nest was attached to the outermost twigs of the most obscure branch in the fig tree. The two birds had chosen this location after long deliberation, with many future factors in view. First, it could not be seen by hawks above; and though a cat on the ground might have noticed it, the limb would not have supported him so far out. Nor could the cat have jumped at the nest without being stopped by other branches cunningly intervening between the nest and the nearest solid footing. Secondly, there was food near. Corn in flower surrounded the tree, and it harbored worms and bugs. A hundred feet away, a ditch provided flowing water. Also, around the nest were many nearly horizontal branches where young birds learning to hop might practice without peril. Finally, the nest was on the south side of the tree.

The female mocking bird sat on the nest with plumage swollen

out to warm the eggs well. She was relaxed, but her eyes shone steadily. The male bird had strayed to a sapling across the field. Here against the pale sky he was singing impudently. His phrases were a whimsical mixture of purity and discord, sounding rather droll beside the prim and formal tune being repeated over and over by a Carolina wren.

The morning sun was hot. The bees ignored the corn. Close to the earth where the bluish mists of the night still hovered, short pea vines climbed the corn. In the dampness they liberated a cordial smell, inviting the greedy bees. Among them a chicken-snake lay motionless, almost the same color as the earth. Her body had the slickness of a serviceable and well-greased lash—so limber that the contour of a lump of loam she lay across was repeated in her form. Close behind the snake was a rumpled tube of greyish membrane, the skin she had shed after



hours of labor, and had now forgotten. Sight had returned to her eyes. She was ready to eat.

Through the leaves the snake gazed a long time up into the tree. She saw part of the nest and the tip of a protruding tail feather. Again and again she stuck out her tongue to listen. There was only the ever-present background of innocent sound made by the mingling of beewings, the crackling of the armor of diligent beetles underground, the rasping of leaves grazing one another, and far away the purling of ditchwater vaulting a stone. . . . The snake moved. Slowly in her comfortable new skin she glided around a lofty clod.

Up in the nest the female bird squirmed, lifted her legs, settled more comfortably. Movements were going on beneath her. All night long she had felt the good sound of tapping within her four eggs. Now one of the eggs was severed, and its occupant had come out. The hatchling lay on its back, weakly clawing the hot flesh above until it succeeded in turning over. Then it lay exhausted, asleep. The mother rose and pecked at the discarded shell, devouring half of it.

The snake below saw the agitation of the tail feathers above. Her tail trembled. Her nervous tongue

darted out several times, and a kink in her body straightened quietly. She raised up to look over the grass in all directions, then hastened across the sunny opening and hid in the blackberry bush at the foot of the tree. Soon her head came out of the bush and rested on a twig, pointed upward. Here it remained for two hours, pointed toward the nest, being withdrawn only when the male bird made his brief visits to the tree.

★ ★ ★

In the afternoon the mother bird left her nest for food. First she hopped to a branch a few feet away, shook and combed her feathers. She moved higher, and cocked one eye this way and that. She returned to the nest, stood there a moment, then executed a slow and delicate fall to the ground, and made a loud kissing sound to attract her mate. The male bird returned and joined her. He left her and perched on the bush, standing but a few inches from where the snake's head was concealed beneath the leaves. Then together they flew into the corn. When they were deep among the corn rows, the female found a cutworm, and after a short chase captured a cricket. Meanwhile, the snake had climbed



halfway up the trunk of the tree.

The trunk was oblique. On this slanting bulge the snake's scales took an easy hold. Near the fork of the tree, beneath a short branch bearing dense foliage, she coiled to hide. No sooner had she gained this cover than the mother bird came to examine the nest.

The hatchling in the nest was dry, and stronger. The mother saw it trying to raise its head. Once with the cumbersome head finally lifted, it opened its mouth for the first time, exposing a deep, bright yellow cavern almost as large as the head itself. The head fell back to rest upon the eggs. The mother bird dropped from the tree and dove down into the cornfield. The male bird soon came and sat near the nest. In wobbling jerks the hatchling balanced its head on the thin neck, and again experimented with the opening of its mouth. The father jumped to a higher limb and sang with comical gusto, interspersing his song with sounds not at all birdlike. After this he flew gaily over the cornfield to the distant farmhouse and lit on a windowsill of the shed behind the house.

The snake was out of her shelter. She moved up to the fork. Her quivering head leaned far out sideways in the shape of a

hook, pointed toward the nest. Her tongue slid in and out continuously. Meanwhile a cloud had covered the sun. Under the leaves it grew darker, while a soft wind flowed through the tree. The snake crept out until she was within a foot of the nest. Here one-third of her body, the tail part, dropped and dangled, then was jerked up to wrap around the limb. Her head stole forth along the limb, quivering. In the nest the young bird raised and awkwardly balanced its head.

There was a sudden raucous cry of alarm, answered immediately from the farmhouse. The mother bird had come.

In the gloom the snake coiled back as subtly as a wisp of floating smoke. She took a firmer grip on the limb, shuddered and opened her jaws halfway. The mother bird fluttered midair between the snake and the nest, repeating her strident call. The male bird dashed into the tree and joined her.

Now the battle began. Sometimes together, sometimes separately the birds would fly to within a few inches of the snake's mouth, slashing with beak and claw. Other mocking birds in the vicinity had heard the alarm and were coming to join the fray. Soon the tree was filled with

clamorous birds, whirring wings and harsh cries, and the identity of the nesting pair was lost among the flock. In this fierce din the snake made no movement, except when one of the attackers came too close. Then she would open her mouth wider. Occasionally the hatchling in the nest would lift its head stupidly, then fall back to rest.

Presently the snake, her head still lifted and jaws open, moved closer to the nest. While she was winding her body around a branch for purchase, a bolder one of the shrill defenders pecked her body near the tail. Another, then another fell upon that part of her, but the soft insectivorous beaks did no damage. While fully a dozen screaming birds danced over her head, the snake reached into the nest and plucked out the hatchling.

All the birds were shrieking madly. A beak struck the snake's head. The air had darkened considerably, and rain was falling. Another glancing blow struck the snake's head. She quietly withdrew from the limb. Once three of the frenzied birds collided over her, and one of them fell across her head. The prey fell from her mouth. It struck the thorny bush at the foot of the tree, rolled over

and dropped through the green tangle to the ground. Followed by the leaping birds, the snake glided down to the fork of the tree, then dropped, landing on the bush and quickly disappearing beneath its folds.

The rain roared out of the east. The drenched corn-leaves flapped wildly. Many of the birds hopped about the bush for a while, still screaming. But soon, one by one they began to leave, until only the father bird remained, skipping about, cocking his head sideways, trying to see what was going on under the bush. The slanting threads of rain fell about him and broke into spray curving upward. He hopped on top of the bush and sat there silently, with beads of rain dripping off his tail. Once he flew up into the tree to look at his mate on the nest, then returned to the bush.

The snake remained under the bush a long time. At sunset the reddish light glittered on her body as she slipped from hiding and wriggled along the ditch bank to the canal behind the field. Under the bridge the sunlight was warm.

Back in the fig tree, the mother bird sat calmly on the nest. In the three eggs under her she felt the good sound of tapping.

—E. P. O'DONNELL

## INCIDENT IN VIENNA

*IT WAS ONLY A NORMAL HUMAN GESTURE, BUT IT WAS ENOUGH TO RESTORE A SHATTERED FAITH*



THERE isn't much to this story. Absurdly though, it means a great deal to me. For when it happened, it revived a faith which, I believed, had died within me.

★ ★ ★

They arrested Professor Ebert at four in the morning. There was nothing unusual about that. It was happening to hundreds of people in Vienna every morning.

By six of the evening we had found out where they had taken him, and old Mrs. Ebert immediately decided to go and try to get some woolens through to him, in spite of her sixty-three years. So we fixed up a bundle and sent her off by taxi, for she refused to have any of us come with her.

When she drove up in front of the prison gates, the S.S. men on duty jeered at the old lady with a bundle. When she started to pay for her fare, one of them snatched the purse from her hand and emptied its contents—two hundred marks—into the driver's lap.

"If the old hag can drive here in a taxi, she can afford to pay for it. The driver wants to live too, don't you, Volksgenosse?"

Old Mrs. Ebert stood in the queue for hours, only to be told by the authorities that no parcels whatsoever could be delivered to prisoners. So, in the middle of the night, she started to walk her way home, miserable, dejected, alone. Two or three blocks away a man stepped from a dark doorway:

"Give me that parcel, lady," he said. "Get into the car, I'll take you home. Here's your two hundred marks. Sorry, I couldn't refuse to take it, when those swine shoved it on me."

A few days later I left Vienna for good. That man was one of the last I shook hands with there, and it is to him that I owe the belief that Vienna, my old Vienna, is still alive.

I owe it to him that I still can love Vienna.

—COUNT FERDINAND CZERNIN

## A NOTE ON RACHMANINOFF

UNSTINTED APPLAUSE IS HIS FOR THE ASKING,  
BUT TO HIS EARS ITS RING HAS A HOLLOW SOUND



A PINE pulled up by its roots, an exile thirsting for the soil from which he sprang, a living corpse: this is the creative Rachmaninoff. What he might have written had conditions been different, had the Revolution come later, no one can know. He remains an iconoclast, an enigma.

Landing at Hoboken on the eve of Armistice Day, 1918, he came to a lunatic asylum. "Men, women and children turned out on the streets, sang, danced, yelled . . . pistols went off and autos raced around with tin cans bouncing behind . . . Newsboys and stock-brokers wept on each other's shoulders and elderly, unapproachable bank presidents danced the can-can with typists and telephone girls." But Rachmaninoff was inconsolable. He looked down, shook his head and muttered: "There is no Russia!"

He was an outcast, a banished spirit, a man without a country. No alien land has or could nourish

him. His voice, the far-away look in his eyes, bespeak a nostalgia, an incurable hunger for vast, lonely plains, an overcast sky, marsh-birds, the Volchov, the Vistula and the Volga . . . the great tolling bells, the myths and legends . . . Old Russia that was.

Its collapse accounts, in large part for his frustration, his failure. As a youth, much was expected of him. The white-haired boy of the Moscow clique, he was destined to surpass Tchaikovsky. The older men said his place in history was secure, that he would sum up all that the "mighty handful" before him had begun. His compositions were everywhere applauded. His music was sincere, full of promise, appealing, deftly and dexterously fashioned.

It is still popular with the crowd. Its clangor and sonorous banalities, its Byronic melancholy and unfailing flow of melody, catch the uninitiated ear. But it is dated. His later works are diffuse, unequal,

need shears. Filled with sentimentality of third or fourth order, they give the impression of tired, misplaced strength. In them there is no rude, large-hearted speech, no deep, child-like spontaneity, no all-pervasive conviction. They are, as a penetrating connoisseur remarked, "Tchaikovsky without the hysteria and without the energy . . . a mournful banqueting on jam and honey . . . filled with the sadness distilled by all things that are a little useless." Rachmaninoff as a composer is no more than a pale shadow of his great predecessors.

★ ★ ★

As a piano virtuoso, he is undisputed master of his instrument. Penniless when he crossed the border of his native land for the last time, he chose to make his way with his two hands. The Cincinnati and Boston Orchestras both invited him to become their permanent leader (in Boston he would have succeeded Dr. Karl Muck), but a hundred and ten concerts a season was more than he could face. His repertoire, both as a conductor and pianist, was limited, though as a soloist he could appear in many cities and repeat one program. Musicians everywhere flocked to his recitals: they were eager to hear how a matured artist

of his pronounced individuality would approach the masterpieces of piano literature. The larger public, who had heard or had banged out for themselves his *C-sharp minor prelude*, wanted to see him and hear him play it. Both remained to cheer. But to Rachmaninoff, their plaudits were empty. He was—and is—a disappointed composer.

Season after season he has made the rounds, from railroad station to concert hall and back again in city after city. Naturally taciturn and retiring, he has withdrawn more and more into himself. He hates gushing flattery. As an undergraduate, I accompanied him to his hotel after a campus concert. Some students waited in the lobby for his autograph. As the elevator started up, he confided slowly in a monotone that made me want to jump down the shaft: "I abhor people!"

A sphinx, he scares people by saying nothing. He will not trouble to be trifling. He either says what he thinks, or nothing at all. Of the unspoken work, he is master. His intimates call him "Uncle Buddha." He can keep a secret forever. As he obviously knows much more than he tells, he seems all-wise. He comes on to a stage with a slow, tired walk, looking exactly like an escaped convict, and folds

his long body and legs before the piano as though he were a pocket-knife. His playing has something of the heat of cold marble. There is nothing he cannot do at the instrument. His technic has been acquired over a lifetime; he has taken no short cuts. The plastic clarity and calm reserve with which he carves epic after epic in tone are unmatched. But he plays as if under protest. He would rather compose.

In a profession whose life-blood is publicity, he will have none. He never gives interviews and, with him, never means *never*. One-fiftieth as many stories are sent out about him as about Toscanini. He alone of the great pianists has consistently said "No" to broadcasting. "The radio? It is awful. It gives only half the music," he says. "The artist is not there; his personality, which makes the piece, is absent. And for the artist, it is a nightmare. He has no contact with his audience. The gramophone is the same, but it has some justification as it preserves a piece of music as it was played."

Rachmaninoff has no need for companionship. He spends many hours alone and is content to be away from the centers of professional activity. He avoids music's great and near-great. He belongs

to no organization. He refuses to join with fellow artists even for charity. He is not unkind, and upon occasion will take considerable pains to instruct and help young artists. Underneath, he conceals a warm, vital and friendly streak. He is not jealous, has often acclaimed Josef Hofmann as the finest of living pianists.

As a child, Rachmaninoff was undisciplined and lazy. He hated theory and textbooks, preferred ice-skating and jumping on and off the horse-drawn trams along Nevsky Prospect to practice at the Conservatory. He was a good swimmer and spent days lying along the banks of the river, dreaming after the fashion of the Slav. It was when he came under the discipline of Sverev, the Lechestizky of Moscow, that he turned into a quiet, reserved and sober boy who worked day and night on music.

Rachmaninoff's thorough training stood him in good stead. His knowledge and phenomenal ear are today the terror of orchestral musicians and conductors. If he chooses, he can be rude—and often is—stopping abruptly in rehearsal and embarrassing conductor and ensemble by pointing out a mistake that had passed unnoticed. It is said that he is the only per-



former whom Leopold Stokowski fears.

Secure as is his position in public favor and comprehensive as is his knowledge, Rachmaninoff is filled with questionings, gropings, doubts. He has qualms of conscience, remorse, regrets.

Despise though he does the Bolsheviks, Rachmaninoff can never forget that he was born, that he is, a Russian. He suffers because his music is not heard in his native land—and more because he cannot visit it, because Moscow newspapers call him “the former bard of the Russian wholesale merchants and the bourgeoisie—a composer who was played out long ago and whose music is that of an insignificant imitator and reactionary; a former estate owner who, as recently as 1918, burned with hatred of Russia when the peasants took away his land” . . . because

he is known among his people as “the author of works which, in their emotional and mental effects are bourgeois . . . a servant and tool of the worst enemies of the Proletariat—the world Bourgeoisie, and world capitalism.”

More than that, there is the dilemma the Revolution wrought in his own spirit. Today, when the greater part of his work is past, he confesses, “I am constantly troubled by the misgiving that, in entering into too many fields, I have failed to make the best of my life. In the old Russian phrase, I have ‘hunted three hares.’ Can I be sure that I have killed one of them?”

Unfortunately, not the one he wished to kill. And, therefore, Rachmaninoff remains the most forbidding, the loneliest, the unhappiest of living musicians.

—CARLETON SMITH

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 98-101

1. A	11. A	21. C	31. B	41. A
2. B	12. B	22. A	32. C	42. B
3. C	13. B	23. C	33. B	43. C
4. C	14. A	24. B	34. A	44. B
5. B	15. C	25. B	35. B	45. C
6. A	16. A	26. C	36. B	46. C
7. A	17. C	27. A	37. C	47. A
8. B	18. B	28. A	38. A	48. A
9. C	19. B	29. C	39. C	49. B
10. C	20. A	30. A	40. A	50. C

*Hear, ye!  
Hear, ye!*

There is never any too much love lost between the editorial and business departments of a magazine. Only the vague thought, bobbing up opportunely in the hidden recesses of the brain, that the members of both departments are working for the same organization saves them from frequently coming to blows.

You might think that, since *Coronet* carries no advertising, the chief point of conflict would be removed. For it is just when the business boys have the Pointless Pencil Company on the verge of signing a three-year contract for thirty-six double spreads (in color, with metallic ink) that the editorial boys come out with their article leaving little doubt that the paint used on all pencils contains a deadly poison.

But even without advertising we still manage to have our share of internecine warfare around here, lending credence to the theory that the conflict is based primarily on a difference in temperaments. Briefly, as we see it, the editorial staff is composed of virtuous, high-minded, chivalrous, noble, upright, magnanimous souls, whereas the business department is made up of boorish, rascally, graceless, mercenary, sin-

ister blackguards. You could hardly expect such opposite types to agree about anything.

Every once in a while the business department tries to invade this page to make a semi-commercial announcement. They are practically insidious about it. They dog our footsteps. "How about an announcement on indexes to *Coronet*?" they say. "We ran one two years ago," we reply. "People forget, you know," they point out sententiously.

Then they send us little intra-office memos, innocently worded to allay our suspicions. "You will recall our discussion about an announcement on indexes. We suggest, if it is agreeable with you, that this be run in the forthcoming issue. We are making our plans accordingly. Thanks a lot." Oh, they're shrewd about it, all right.

This sort of subterfuge naturally gets us down. Finally, being virtuous, high-minded, chivalrous, noble, upright and magnanimous, we insisted that they come out in the open on this matter. They did, and we promptly lost the argument. So here's their confounded announcement:

*Complete indexes for each volume (six issues) of Coronet will be sent free to subscribers upon request.*



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for  
MARCH  
1940

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